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HISTORY OF THE MINISINK COUNTRY

HORACE B. TWICHTILL





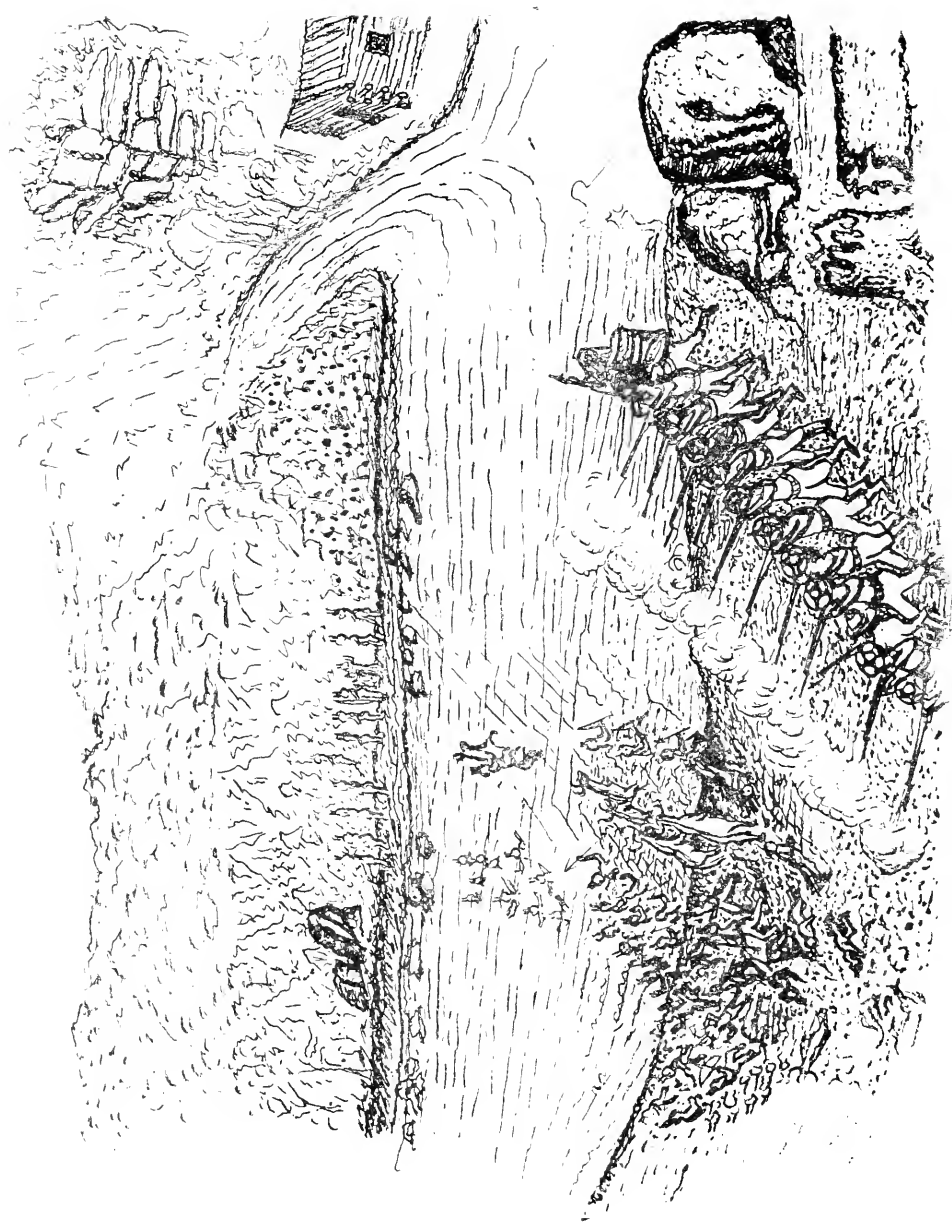
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FIRST CHARGE IN THE BATTLE OF MINISINK (see Page 150)

History of the Minisink Country



by
Horace E. Twichell

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by
Horace E. Twichell, Port Jervis, N. Y.

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Dedication

Dedicated to the Memory of the Brave
Colonel Tusten, who fell in the defense
of his wounded companions, at Hospital
Rock, in the Battle of Minisink, July
twenty-second, seventeen hundred and
seventy nine.

INTRODUCTORY

In sending out this "History of the Minisink Country," the author desires not only to preserve to posterity annals of the forgotten past, but to stimulate coming generations to a greater love of country, a more ardent devotion to duty, and a more earnest zeal toward the promotion of true Christian character.

Our forefathers, by their struggles, privations and tears, have left us a great and glorious heritage—this land of freedom.

Let us stand with nerves of steel in defense of our blood-bought privileges and consecrate our lives to the Almighty whose powerful arm has preserved us a free nation.

Let us teach our children to honor the flag that this day floats over and unites a happy and prosperous people.

I trust that many of my readers, especially those who have borne the "heat and burden of the day," will find in the perusal of these pages a stimulus to greater energy in the battle of life and an impetus to higher and nobler living.

May the revival of these reminiscences illuminate the pathway of the future and brighten the hope of immortality.

HORACE EDGAR TWICHELL.

Port Jervis, N. Y.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF MINISINK

The earliest record we have of the history of Minisink is 1659. It was during that year that some copper ore was brought to Albany by the Indians, who said it was found in the Minisink country, and a record was entered on the geological books. Next a rumor in some way reached the Governor's ears that the French have been trying to induce the Minisink Indians to unite with other hostile tribes against the Dutch. He sends Capt. Arent Schuyler from New York through the wilderness to Minisink to investigate the truthfulness of the report.

It appears from statements in the †Schuyler journal that there was some fur-trading carried on at this early date, or at least a trading post was about to be opened at Minisink; for he ascertained just what time of year the "Shauwans" would arrive there with their furs.

†CAPT. SCHUYLER'S JOURNAL.

"May it please your Excell: In pursuance to yr Excell. commands I have been in the Minissinck Country of which I have kept the following Journal, viz.:

1694 ye 3d of Feb. I departed from New Yorke for East New Jersey and came that night att Bergentown, where I hired 2 men and a guide. Ye 4th Sun-

†This is supposed to be the Schuyler who accompanied the five Mohawk chiefs to England in the year 1710 who visited Queen Ann's court. It is claimed that a settlement was made at Minisink four years before Capt. Schuyler's visit, as mentioned elsewhere in this book; but he does not say anything about any white settlers being in the Minisink valley in 1694. It is certain, however, that the isolated settlement was flourishing in 1697, for a patent issued to them by the Colonial Governor of New York bears date, Oct. 14th, 1697.

day morning I went from Bergentown and travelled about 10 English miles beyond Haghkingsack to an Indian place called Peckwes. Ye 5th Monday From Peckwes North and be west I went about thirty-two miles—snowing and rainy weather. Ye 6th Tuesday I continued my journey to Maggaghamieck (Neversink) river and from thence to within half a day's journey to the Minissinck. Ye Wed. about 11 o'clock I arrived att the Minissinck and there I met with two of their Sachems and several other Indians of whom I enquired after some news, if the French or their Indians had sent for them or been in ye Minissinck Country. Upon which they answered that noe French nor any of the French Indians were, nor had been in the Minissinck Country, nor there abouts and did promise yt if ye French should happen to come or yt they heard of it, that they will forthwith send a messenger and give yr Excellency notice thereof.

Inquiring further after news they told me that 6 days agoe three Christians and two Shauwans Indians who went about 15 months agoe with Arnout Vielle into the Shauwans Country were passed by the Minissinck going to Albany to fetch powder for Arnout and his Company and further told them that sd Arnout intended to be there with seven hundred of ye said Shauwans Indians loaded with beaver and peltries att ye time ye Indian corn is about 1 foot high (which may be in the month of June).

The Minissinck Sachems further said that one of their Sachems and other of their Indians were gone to fetch beavor and peltries which they had hunted and having heard noe news of them are afraid yt ye Sinneques have killed them for ye lucar of the beavor or because ye Minissinck Indians have not been with ye Sinneques as usual to pay their dutty and therefore de-

sire yt Your Excellency will be pleased to order the Sinneques may be told not to molest or hurt ye Minissincks, they be willing to continue in amity with them.

In the afternoon I departed from ye Minissincks the 8th, 9th & 10th of Feb. I travelled and came to Bergen in ye morning and about noon arrived att New Yorke.

This is, may it please your Excellency, the humble report of your Excellency's most humble servt,

ARENT SCHUYLER."

The following address is given at this point on account of its historical value:

OPENING ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT, REV. DR. S. W. MILLS, OF PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

Members of the Minisink Valley Historical Society and all who are here present, I extend to you in the name of the Society a cordial greeting. To the resident members and to those who have come to us from a distance; to those who participate in these exercises or seek in any way to give interest to this occasion; to the wives and daughters of the members present as well as to all who are here assembled, I give a hearty, joyous welcome.

This second semi-annual celebration of our Society brings us together again in this beautiful grove, which a year ago, at the request of its owner, we dedicated by the appropriate and historic name of Caudebec Park, under circumstances of more than ordinary interest. The day itself is one that should ever be held in remembrance by the people of this valley and of the whole surrounding country. It was on the 22d of July, more than a century ago, that a most fierce and terrible conflict was waged between the defenders of their homes in this valley and their savage invaders—a conflict in which not only those inhabiting the valley whose dwellings, church and other buildings, twenty-one in all, were burned, participated; but their neighbors across the mountain and lower down along the Delaware, making common cause with them, rallied to their aid to overtake and if possible exterminate the murderous band. The battle that followed and which was fought some twenty miles west from the place where we are now assembled was one which, while disastrous to our patriot sires and bringing sorrow to many homes, yet witnessed deeds of valor and courage that may well be ranked among the many heroic ones of that long seven years' struggle for our country's independence. Possibly some of these may be related in your hearing to-day.

We do well to commemorate the 22d of July and to recall the deeds of noble daring then performed and to hand them

down to coming generations, that those who come after us may learn something of the costly price paid by their forefathers in treasure and blood and long privation and suffering to secure the liberties which they enjoy. Every one in the beautiful valleys of the Minisink Country, or of its surrounding mountains and hills or wherever their lot may be cast, in whose veins flows the blood of the men who engaged in the strife of that hot July day, may well have a just and honest pride in the deeds of their ancestors and may tell them to their children and their children's children.

Another interest, however, attaches to our gathering at this time. We commemorate to-day an event which took place long anterior to those scenes of strife and blood—one in which peaceful men came quietly and peaceably seeking for themselves a home in this beautiful valley, one of the fairest and loveliest upon which the sun shines. Just when the white man first set foot upon the soil here we cannot say positively. We are inclined to the belief that as early as 1659 or 1660 the Hollanders had traveled over this entire valley and had constructed what has been called the "Old Mine road" leading from Esopus or Kingston on the Hudson through the Rondout and Mamacating valleys, on through this valley of the Neversink and down the Delaware to the copper mines of Pahaquarry in Warren county, N. J., this side of the Delaware Water Gap. This is not the time, neither is it the place, to give reasons for what some have disputed.* But assuming that such a road had been constructed and used as has been claimed, it was for a special purpose and its use ceased when the control of the country passed from the Dutch to the English. No permanent settlements resulted from it except at its terminus at the mines.

The first settlement, we have reason to believe, was two hundred years ago, in 1690. Mr. Gumaer, in his "History of Deer park," gives this as the year and assigns, as we think, good reasons for the statement. It is certain that a patent for 1,200 acres was granted to the first seven settlers October 14, 1697. Petitions addressed to the Colonial Government asking to be protected in their title, of about the same date on record at Albany, confirm his view. Mr. Gumaer says the first settlers

* In the Albany Records under date of April 25th, 1659, is an entry relating to copper mine at the Minisink.

were here occupying their land for some years before Jacob Codebec, one of their number, was sent to the Governor of the New York Colony to procure a patent. This seems to bear out his statement as to the year, and when his character for truthfulness, accuracy and candor, and his opportunities for obtaining information, are considered, we are disposed to believe that 1690 was the time of their location. These settlers were seven in number: Jacob Codebec, Thomas Swartwout, Anthony Swartwout, Bernardus Swartwout, Jan Tys, Peter Gimar and David Jamison. The spot upon which they located was a little over a mile south of where we are now assembled, across the flats east from the house now occupied by Cornelius Caskey and around a hill which may be seen there.

About this same year it is probable one William Titsoort, blacksmith, located in this same valley a little further south, about one mile from Port Jervis. Titsoort had been driven out of Schenectady by the fearful massacre there in 1689, barely escaping with his life to Esopus where he had friends, and being known to the friendly Indians, he was invited by them to take up his residence in the Minisink Country. They voluntarily granted to him a tract of land situate and being at Maghagkemek known by the name of Schaickackamick in an elbow. This description would seem to locate it about where the late Simon Westfall lived, including probably the property now owned and occupied by Benjamin Van Fleet. Titsoort obtained license to purchase October 15, 1698, and did so purchase. After remaining here some years, he sold to Jan Decker two parcels of land in 1713 and moved to Dutchess County. The site selected by the first seven settlers was called Peenpack, which was the name given to district extending from Cuddebackville to Huguenot, and by which it was known until a comparatively recent date.

About twenty years after the first settlers located here, others came to the valley and settled a few miles further south and nearer Port Jervis, in what was called the Lower Neighborhood, extending from Huguenot to Port Jervis, and on both sides of the Neversink. These were all Hollanders or of Holland descent, coming here directly from Ulster County. From these two settlements the Delaware Valley below Port Jervis became settled, as well as portions of Sussex County, N. J., in

the Clove and at Deckertown, a large portion of whose inhabitants are of Holland or Huguenot descent.

It was no light undertaking at that time to come to a country such as this. It required a resolution and courage and energy equal to that now required to settle in Oregon or even in Alaska. This whole valley for forty miles in either direction from this point was an unbroken wilderness through which the red man roamed unrestrained. No dwelling for civilized man was to be found in all its length and breadth and for many long miles in any direction—not even a log cabin—nothing but the wigwam of the Indian was to be seen.

Of the first seven whose names appear in the Codebec and Guimar patent, all but one were Huguenots and Hollanders. Jamison was a Scotchman who it seems never settled permanently in the valley, since from 1697 to 1714 he served as Vestryman or Warden in Trinity Church, New York. He probably joined with the others in the purchase for speculative purposes, but did not remain nor ever located here. Codebec and Guimar were Huguenots who were driven out of France by the persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, by Louis XIV. By this inhuman and despotic measure 500,000 of the best, most intelligent, moral and industrious citizens of France were driven out of the country; 400,000 perished by hunger, fatigue, cold and the sufferings inflicted in one form or the other by their bloody persecutors, sixty millions of francs in specie were lost to her as well as her most flourishing manufactures. The people fled to England, to Switzerland, to Holland, to Prussia, to Denmark, to Sweden and to America.

Many of the best and most honored names in our country are those of persons who at this time fled here for refuge where they could have freedom to worship God and enjoy the rights of conscience. They came to South Carolina, to Delaware, to Maryland and Virginia, to New Jersey and to Westchester and Ulster Counties in this State. The settlement at New Paltz was composed entirely of Huguenots.

Among those who left France at this time never to return to it were Jacob Codebec and Peter Guimar. Going at first to Holland or England they came at length to Maryland and, after a short stay there to this State and finally located in this

valley. The families to which they belonged in France were in comfortable circumstances. They could have retained all their possessions had they but renounced their faith and embraced Romanism. They chose, however, to forsake all—home, country, kindred and worldly substance rather than renounce their religion. They fled, or one of them at least, with their persecutors in close pursuit barely escaping with their lives. The others were Hollanders, coming themselves or immediately descended from those who came from a country in which, unlike France at that time, the rights of conscience and full religious liberty were enjoyed. They came from a noble country and were descended from a noble race—from men who by their industry, their indomitable courage and perseverance had reclaimed large portions of their country from the dominion of the sea, and whose love of liberty was such that when besieged by their enemies, as their last resort, rather than submit to them they opened the flood-gates and caused the waters again to flow over the land, exclaiming: ‘Better a lost land than lost liberty’; a country that for eighty years maintained a struggle against the armies of Spain, at that time the proudest and most powerful kingdom of Europe and who triumphed over them; a country that fought, and that successfully, the battles of civil and religious liberty for the world; that was the first of modern nations to guaranty the rights of conscience in matters of religion: where the New England Pilgrims when driven out by oppression from their own country found shelter and protection for eleven years before coming to Plymouth Rock; a country in which two centuries before our own Declaration of Independence, its very principles had been boldly proclaimed and where by the compact of Utrecht the seven provinces of the Netherlands were formed into a free government in 1579, with their motto ‘Eendragtmarkt macht,’ (Union makes strength), which is but another and even more expressive form of our own American motto, ‘E Pluribus Unum,’ and where two years later in 1581 their Declaration of Independence was promulgated in these memorable words which rulers and politicians of every land would do well ever to bear in mind: ‘The people were not made for the prince but the prince for the people who always have the right to depose him if he should oppress them’; a country that had its free schools supported by the State as

recommended by John of Nassau, brother of William of Orange, and which the New England Pilgrims found in existence while in Holland, and which they brought with them to Plymouth Rock and here established as one of the glories of our country; a country that had its universities "whose doors were open to students of all creeds and nationalities at a time when all other seats of learning were closed to those who denied their dogmas in religion or did not commune with their church. Free thought, free speech, inquiry, discussion and the open Bible were unknown except in this little corner of Europe which its indomitable people had rescued from the sea and waged perpetual battle with the ocean to keep."

It was from races such as these, Huguenots and Hollanders, men who loved liberty, both civil and religious, and who endured untold sufferings and sacrifices for its maintenance, that the first settlers of this valley descended. We do well to recall this day their history to remind ourselves and others of all that was noble and excellent in them. We honor, and that justly, the New England Pilgrims who for conscience sake crossed the ocean in the Wintry month of December and landed at Plymouth Rock. They have never wanted for those to celebrate their deeds and virtues in prose and verse, in eloquence and song. Without detracting one iota from all that is due to them we claim for the Huguenot and Hollander equal honor and praise for all that they have done and endured in the cause of human liberty, but whose modesty in speaking of themselves has been such that the world has never yet learned how much it is indebted to them. Ye descendants of the Huguenot and the Hollander, here and elsewhere, hold in high honor and esteem the races from which you have sprung. Cherish the memory of your ancestors. Let their religious principles and their love of liberty be deeply engraven on your minds and hearts. Imitate the virtues which they practised and count them a possession more priceless and enduring than any worldly substance inherited from them.

CHAPTER II

A GLIMPSE OF THE MINISINK SETTLEMENT IN THE YEAR 1787.

*From Letters Written by Samuel Preston, Esq.,
Dated June 6 and 14, 1828.*

“In 1787 the writer went on his first surveying tour into Northampton County; he was deputed under John Lukens, Surveyor General, and received from him by way of instruction the following narrative respecting the settlement of Minisink on the Delaware, above the Kittanny and Blue Mountains:

“That the settlement was formed for a long time before it was known to the Government of Philadelphia. That when the government was informed of the settlement they passed a law in 1729 that any such purchase of the Indians should be void, and the purchasers indicted for forcible entry and detainer, according to the law of England. That in 1730 they appointed an agent to go and investigate the facts; that the agent so appointed was the famous Surveyor Nicholas Scull; that he (James Lukens) was N. Scull’s apprentice to carry chain and learn surveying; that they both understood and could talk Indian. They hired Indian guides and had a fatiguing journey, there being no white inhabitants in the upper part of Bucks or Northampton County. That they had great difficulty to lead their horses through the water gap to Minisink flats, which were all settled with Hollanders: with several they could only be understood in Indian.

“At the venerable Depuis’ they found great hospitality and plenty of the necessities of life. J. Lukens said that the first thing which struck his attention was a grove of apple trees of size far beyond any near Philadelphia. * * * That S. Depuis told them when the rivers were frozen he had a good road to Esopus, near Kingston, from the Mine holes, on the Mine road, some hundred miles. That he took his wheat and cider there for salt and necessities, and did not appear to have any knowledge of where the river ran—Philadelphia market—or being in the Government of Pennsylvania.

“They were of the opinion that the first settlement of Hollanders in Minisink was many years older than Wm. Penn’s charter, and that S. Depuis had treated them so well they concluded to make a survey of his claim, in order to befriend him if necessary. When they began to survey, the Indians gathered around; an old Indian laid his hand on N. Scull’s shoulder and said, ‘Put up iron string; go home.’ They then quit and returned.

“I had it in charge from John Lukens to learn more particulars respecting the Mine road to Esopus, etc. I found Nicholas Depuis, Esq., son of Samuel, living in a spacious stone house in great plenty and affluence. The old Mine holes were a few miles above on the Jersey side of the river, by the lower point of the Paaquarry Flat; that the Minisink settlement extended forty miles or more on both sides of the river. * * *

“I then went to view the Paaquarry Mine holes. There appeared to have been a great abundance of labor done there at some former time, but the mouths of the holes were caved full and overgrown with bushes. I concluded to myself if there ever had been a rich mine under that mountain it must be there yet in close con-

finement. The other old men I conversed with gave their traditions similar to N. Depuis, and they all appeared to be grandsons of the first settlers and very ignorant as to the dates and things relating to chronology. In the Summer of 1789 I began to build on this place; then came two venerable gentlemen on a surveying expedition. They were the late Gen. James Clinton, the father of the late Dewitt Clinton, and Christopher Tappen, Esq., Clerk and Recorder of Ulster County. For many years before they had both been surveyors under Gen. Clinton's father, when he was Surveyor General. In order to learn some history of gentlemen of their general knowledge, I accompanied them into the woods. They both well knew of the Mine holes, Mine road, etc., and as there were no kind of documents or records thereof, united in the opinion that it was a work transacted while the State of New York belonged to the Government of Holland; that it fell to the English in 1664; and that the change in government stopped the mining business and that the road must have been made many years before such diggings could have been done. That it must have been the first good road of that extent made in any part of the United States."

MINISINK ONCE A LAKE

That the mysterious Minisink Country was once a vast inland lake, covering upward of a hundred square miles, is evident from the fact that we find sedimentary deposits in the form of sand and gravel several hundred feet higher than the present bed of the Delaware and far remote from any stream.

The outlet of this vast lake from the Water Gap southward was the Delaware River, forming a cataract hundreds of feet higher than the falls of Niagara; and while this great body of water was held in check the

work of formation was going on underneath the surface, depositing sediment which we at the present time treasure in the rich bottom land of the Delaware Valley. The ice gorge for which the Delaware has always been celebrated acted as a battering-ram all the way down through the centuries until the gigantic mountain wall tottered and fell before it. The waters thus set free continued to be lowered by the hand of time until the beautiful Delaware, fed by its numerous tributaries, found an undisputed course to the sea.

Time sets his impress on the hardest rock
And bids it crumble from the mountain side;
He wears the rock-walled chasm block from block,
Until it levels with the ocean tide.

Another Minisink mystery was the settlement, isolated as it were from the outside world of civilization and surrounded by the barbarous red men of the forest. In fact, there was such a commingling that in many cases the descendants of the Hollanders spoke the Indian language exclusively, while their own tongue was sadly neglected.

And years after the founding of a permanent settlement, when the children of these sturdy pioneers realized that there was an outside world, they were obliged to travel so far for the purpose of market or trade that life must have been almost a burden.

CHAPTER III

A STORY OF PIONEER CHILDREN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE HARDSHIPS OF EARLY PIONEER LIFE
WILL SERVE TO ENLIGHTEN MY READERS.

One autumn in the early settlement of the Delaware Valley it became necessary for both the father and mother of a family to go a distance of thirty miles to trade while they left the children alone in the house. As most of the pioneers went to town with a yoke of oxen and a wood-shod sledge on account of poor roads, these parents made slow progress and were obliged to stay all night in town.

During the afternoon the children discovered some Indians, who had evidently learned that the parents were away, watching the house and acting very suspiciously. They knew that after dark the savages intended to visit them and probably carry them away as captives, and some children would be so frightened as to wander off in the woods; but in those days of great danger children were taught to be brave and use judgment in every critical emergency. The oldest was a girl of some twelve or thirteen years, and she had been told that Indians were very superstitious, so she formulated a plan of escape.

She took several large pumpkins from the wood-house, and having cut hideous faces in them, set a tallow candle in each one, ready to light.

There was a cave near the house which was used for a vegetable cellar, and just before night she sent the other children into this cave and put the jack-o-lan-

terms on top and at the sides of the entrance. As soon as it was dark she lighted the candles and covered every face with a cloth.

It was not very long before the children heard the dog bark and knew the Indians were around the house. Our heroine then cautiously uncovered the pumpkins and began beating the door furiously with a club for several minutes.

She heard an outcry, and listening a moment, she heard one of them say in broken Dutch, "Paleface ghost watch white man's wigwam! Me no go in."

The savages were soon heard retreating through the forest, uttering bitter threats mingled with cries of alarm.

The next day the parents returned, and when they were told about the children's trick on the redmen they embraced them with grateful hearts to a kind Providence, who had given their little ones courage and wisdom in the hour of peril, and the father reverently repeated from God's word, "How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight?"

CHAPTER IV

HOW A MOTHER SAVED HER CHILDREN.

AN INCIDENT OF PIONEER LIFE IN ORANGE COUNTY.

It was customary for the early settlers to procure a large portion of their meat from the forest, and in the autumn large hunting parties were organized to procure bear meat and venison to pickle in salt and smoke for winter use.

One day, just before dark, one of the sturdy housewives stood looking for the return of her husband, when she discovered some Indians dodging behind the log barn and apparently preparing for a raid on the house.

She knew they would soon enter and that the appetite of an Indian often frustrates his plans, so she placed some cold victuals on the table and told the children to hurry up-stairs, as the men were coming with a big black bear and she feared it would frighten them.

The heroic mother soon followed and shortly afterward heard the Indians coming in the door which consisted of a bearskin hung over an opening in the front.

She then hastily threw all the feather-beds out of the back window in a pile, and bidding the little ones be quiet for fear of the bear, she dropped them one after another on the beds and then jumped out herself. By keeping on the side of the dwelling which had no windows the mother managed to reach the forest, and in a grove where she watched as a guard over her sleeping little ones, she witnessed the burning of their buildings, the light of which gave warning to the other settlers and gave them time to flee.

In the morning she awoke her children, and after much fatigue and suffering they found their way to a distant village.

The father returned from the hunt, and finding his buildings in ashes was smitten with grief, not only for the loss of his buildings, but he supposed his family had been burned to death while asleep.

He was, however, greatly relieved the next day by a messenger who came and told him his family were safe in a distant town.

THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

About July 1, 1778, great numbers of Indians and Tories began to appear on the banks of the Susquehanna River, under command of Col. John Buttler, from Fort Niagara. It has been claimed by some historians that Col. Brant was with the expedition, but the best authorities assert that he was not at Wyoming at all during the raid on that settlement.

The raiders carried the first fortification they came to, and Col. Zebulon Buttler, who had charge of the forts, withdrew with his forces to Fort Kingston, a much stronger position, and disposed of his men to the best advantage to defend the fort.

Col. John saw he could not take the fort without great slaughter, so being a cousin of Zebulon, he took the advantage of relationship by arranging for a parley.

Col. Zebulon believed the flattering words of Col. John and consented, notwithstanding the place named for the conference was quite a long distance from the fort, and marched out an armed force of four hundred men to the place of appointment. When Col. Zebulon arrived at the appointed place, not an officer or soldier was in sight. He finally discovered a man with a flag in

the adjoining forest, motioning for him to proceed; which he did without mistrusting any stratagem.

He proceeded some distance in the forest, when suddenly a terrible warwhoop sounded and he discovered that he was entirely surrounded by the enemy, who began firing from all directions.

Col. Zebulon displayed great military skill and immediately drew up his men into a hollow square to protect the center. By this skilful maneuver he gained a great advantage and was at the point of carrying destruction into the very heart of the invaders, when some officer who had taken too much rum before the engagement shouted, "Col. Zebulon has ordered a retreat. Fall back."

With this countermanding of orders, the militia broke and the Savages, taking advantage of the confusion, rushed forward and began a terrible slaughter with tomahawks and knives; so that out of the four hundred that went out only sixty reached the redout on the opposite side of the river.

The victors then went back and surrounded Fort Kingston. To terrorize the occupants of the fort, they threw about two hundred bleeding scalps over the wall.

Col. Dennison, who commanded the fort, sent a flag of truce to Col. John Buttler to ask what terms should be granted if he surrendered the fort. The answer he returned was, "The Hatchet."

The soldiers defended the fort until they were nearly all killed, when they surrendered. Many of the women and children were made prisoners, but some escaped and made their way across the wilderness to the Delaware Valley.

The father of the late Dr. Merritt H. Cash, of Orange County, N. Y., was in the massacre. The doctor was a small boy and his mother led him through the

dense forest to the Minisink settlement (now Port Jervis). They spent several gloomy nights sleeping in the wilderness under some overhanging rock or at the foot of some high tree, the mother gathering berries through the day for their subsistence and keeping guard at night over her child while he slept. The forest in those days was full of wolves and other fierce wild beasts, and this heroic mother related, in after years, many thrilling adventures of that never-to-be-forgotten journey.

In 1779, the next year after the Wyoming massacre, Gen. Washington fitted out two armies to invade the Mohawk Country. One was led by *Gen. James Clinton, who ascended the Mohawk River to the vicinity of Fort Plain or Canajoharie and then transferred his boats and baggage overland to Otsego Lake. The army lay encamped for some time at Cooperstown, awaiting orders.

GEN. SULLIVAN'S RAID.

The other army was in command of Gen. Sullivan. This celebrated General left Easton about the middle of July and arrived at Wyoming July 22d, the same day the disastrous battle of Minisink was fought in Ulster (now Sullivan) County, N. Y. He had one hundred and twenty boats, two thousand horses and two thousand five hundred men. With this vast army he proceeded up the Susquehanna River, while Gen. Clinton came down to meet him. Gen. Sullivan found the enemy, about one thousand strong, collected at or near Newton on the Tioga River. They were strongly entrenched behind a breastwork. On the 29th of August he attacked them and drove them from their defenses across the river, from whence they scattered and fled.

* Gen. Clinton wrote his wife from Cooperstown, "I busy myself fishing in the beautiful Otsego, while awaiting for further orders. I have succeeded in catching some of the most beautiful perch I ever saw."

Sullivan then marched through the Indian country and destroyed thirteen villages and vast fields of corn. He also chopped down all the Indian orchards of thrifty fruit trees as far as the Genesee Valley. After teaching the savages a never-ending lesson, his victorious army returned by way of Tioga Point and Wyoming, thence to Easton.

The Indian Confederacy never recovered after this raid. It existed in name only, with here and there a shattered branch, as if the "great trunk" which had stood the storms of centuries was riven by a mighty thunderbolt, and the ground for miles in all directions was strewn with the splinters of the wreckage.

*ORANGE COUNTY.

An order was issued by Gov. Bellmont in 1698 that the Sheriffs and Justices of the Peace should proceed to take a census of the several counties of the State of New York. Orange County was found to contain twenty-nine men, thirty-one women, one hundred and forty children and nineteen negro slaves.

An ordinance for holding Courts of Common Pleas was signed by Queen Anne, April 5, 1703. The first courts were held at Orangetown, in what is now Rockland County. Goshen became a small, thriving settlement about 1725, and in 1727 it became the county seat and the first session of the Orange County Court was held there.

The Wawayanda Patent was granted to Christopher Denn in 1712. He lived in New Jersey, just across from Staten Island. Denn could not move upon the

* Orange County has produced some very prominent men. Dewitt Clinton, a former Governor; Wm. H. Seward, a former Secretary of State, and Henry G. Wisner, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, were formerly from this county.

land himself nor get anyone else who would agree to settle, and he was about to lose his patent. Finally his adopted daughter, Sarah Wells, a girl sixteen years old, offered to settle on it.

She spent some time in making arrangements, and after learning from her stepfather about where the land lay and what was the best way to reach it, she set out in a boat on the Hudson River with some servants and landed near New Windsor, where she employed some friendly Indians and proceeded on foot to the Otter Kill.

When they prepared to encamp for the night the Indians gathered some pine boughs, and having bended some saplings down to the ground, fixed a bed for Miss Wells by spreading their furs on these saplings after fastening them together with thongs and crossing them with the downy pine boughs. They then lay down at her feet and kept guard while she slept. It must have taken extraordinary courage for a girl of sixteen to undertake such hardships and endure so much fatigue to acquire a tract of land. After several days she succeeded in selecting a site on the patent which was suitable to build upon and she at once set her force to work building a log house.

The logs were simply notched and piled up something in the manner of building a rail fence. They were then plastered with clay to close the openings, and the whole covered with bark, laid on pole rafters. A stone fireplace was built in the rear of the building by piling up stone something after the pattern of a blacksmith's forge, and extending it above the roof. Two holes were cut into the logs, over which a cloth or greased skin was spread for windows, and an opening left in the front from the ground to the roof, over which a bearskin or wolfskin was hung for a door. In this

primitive dwelling, surrounded by wild animals and dependent upon her Indian neighbors for much of her food and clothing, this resolute heroine founded the first settlement of Wawayanda.

She afterward married one William Bull and owned and occupied a one hundred acre tract set off to her by her stepfather as a recompense for her sacrifice and services. She lived to be over one hundred years old.

AN INCIDENT OF CAPTIVITY FROM ORANGE COUNTY.

Two brothers named Coleman lived together in a log house with their wives and children. One Sabbath afternoon, just after harvest, one of the brothers, while absent looking for a horse, was shot and scalped by Indians, who then proceeded to the house and shot the other brother, who was sick in bed, by firing through between the logs. They then entered the house by forcing the door and dragged their other victim from his bed and scalped him. They then set fire to the house and taking the women and children captives, started westward.

One of the women had recently been sick and was unable to walk. She was fastened astride an old horse and then given her infant child, but the savages, fearing the cries of the child would reveal their whereabouts, soon took it from her and dashed it against a tree. On coming to a ford, Mrs. Coleman's horse was sent through first to ascertain the depth of the stream.

News of the outrage had spread through the neighborhood that night and the next morning a posse of men were in hot pursuit. The Indians, finding they were about to be overtaken, turned aside into a thicket and the pursuers passed so near that their voices were distinctly recognized. The captives were threatened, so they did not dare give any outcry, and allowed their friends to pass on out of hearing.

After the Indians were satisfied that the whites had been foiled and that the danger of attack was over, they took Mrs. Coleman from her horse for the first time, and encamped for the night. On Tuesday morning they resumed their journey without any of the party tasting food, because up to this time the Indians were afraid to fire a gun on account of their pursuers. Shortly after they resumed their journey they considered the danger of attack over, and one of the Indians shot a deer and the starving captives were given some roasted venison. Their progress through the forest was very slow and on Wednesday night they arrived at their camp somewhere west of the Delaware River.

In this camp there were several other Indians and they built a great fire to celebrate their triumph. They then stripped all the children naked and whipped them around the fire and also inflicted other cruelties.

Mrs. Coleman, being worn out with fatigue and unable to endure the sight of her children suffering while she was powerless to help them, crept off unobserved into the forest to die; but after wandering about for some time, discovered a light at a distance and decided to make her way to it.

After a fatiguing journey, groping her way over rocks and fallen trees, she drew near the light and found that it shone from an Indian wigwam. She could see through the opening that it was occupied by an aged squaw, and not knowing what else to do, threw herself on Indian hospitality. She was very agreeably surprised when the squaw addressed her in broken English and made her welcome. Mrs. Coleman learned that the Indian woman had lived for a time among the white people and was partially civilized. She then related her sad experience to her hostess, who tried every way to make her comfortable. This squaw was known by the

Indians as "Peter Nell" and lived all alone in her wigwam in the wilderness.

Peter Nell understood Mrs. Coleman's weak condition and made her some venison soup after the manner of white people, and after supper arranged a bed of leaves spread with skins for her to sleep on.

The squaw assured her that the Indians should not harm her, and she spent several days in the wigwam.

When she was strong enough, Peter Nell made preparation and accompanied her back to her friends in Orange County.

The fate of the other woman and the children remains a mystery.

MIDDLETOWN SETTLED.

One of the first settlers in Middletown was Capt. Daniel Stringham, who married Abigail Horton 1794. They had a family of ten children and all of them were born in that, then small hamlet. One of their sons, Silas Horton Stringham, born 1797, became a noted naval officer, serving on the frigates "President" and "Guerrier" and rising to the rank of Admiral. He is said to have taken an active part in three wars: the war of 1812, the Mexican war and the Rebellion. He died in 1876.

Some of the refugees who fled across Long Island at the time of Gen. Putnam's defeat in 1776, settled in Orange and Ulster Counties, some in the vicinity of Middletown and some near Bloomingburgh, which was then in Ulster County.

SULLIVAN COUNTY FORMED FROM ULSTER.

Up to the year 1809, Sullivan County was a part of Ulster, and Deerpark was a part of Mamakating; thus Brant's raid on Minisink was in Ulster County and the battle of Minisink was fought in that County while it extended from the Hudson to the Delaware.

SOME KINGSTON RECORDS

“Rec’d in Kingston 15th Dec’r 1794 of Henry Putnam one of the Collectors of Mamacoting by the hands of Albert Roosa, Ten pounds, seven shillings and five pence, on county tax of the current year. E. Wm. Elmendorf, Co. Treas.”

INDIAN SETTLEMENTS.

In the year 1776 there were known to be three Indian settlements in Ulster County—one about a mile south of Bloomingburgh, ruled over by a chief called Tot-a-paugh; another about a mile north of Wurtsboro, known as the “Little Yaugh House”; and a third near Westbrookville, about four miles south of Wurtsboro.

A road was constructed by Ananias Sacket from Mamakating westward, passing about three-quarters of a mile south of Lord’s Pond and continuing to Nathan Kinne’s Flatts. From that place Capt. Dorrance made a road to Cohecton for five pounds per mile, a distance of about thirty-three miles.

AN ORANGE COUNTY SETTLER

Henry Reynolds became a clerk in a store in Peekskill and afterward owned a store of his own. He was there in the trying days of the Revolution. In the year 1777, when Peekskill was invaded by the British, his store, among other buildings of the settlement, was burned, and he was forced to flee with his wife and five children. He next settled at Smith’s Cove, Orange County, and engaged in farming. He early joined the “Minute Men” and was with Gen. Wayne in the attack on Stony Point.

He suffered many outrages from *Claudius Smith and his famous Tory band, who were afterward apprehended, and several of them, including their leader, were hanged in Goshen on the 22d day of January, 1779, for robbery, sedition and murder.

CAPTURE OF STONY POINT.

Washington sent Gen. Wayne, who made a night attack on the fort July 16, 1779. Wayne divided his forces in two divisions to make the attack from opposite directions. He was discovered, however, by the guard, who called out tauntingly, "Come on, you rebels, we are waiting for you!" Wayne answered, "We'll be there!" Both divisions charged doublequick and gained an entrance before the garrison could be properly posted.

Wayne was wounded, but called to his men to bear him into the fort. There was sharp fighting, but the British soon surrendered and six hundred prisoners and valuable army stores fell into the hands of the colonists.

SETTLEMENT OF WYOMING AND COCHECTON.

James I. granted a vast strip of land in America to the Plymouth Company in the year 1620, which was afterward confirmed by Charles II. to the Connecticut colony in 1663. According to the description, this strip was sixty miles wide and extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, with the exception of a part of New York which intervened between Connecticut and the Delaware River.

In 1753 about 200 people of Connecticut formed a Company, and sent an agent to attend the council of the

* It is said that Smith kicked off his shoes while standing on the gallows, because he said he wished to make a liar of his mother, she having prophesied his sad end.

Six Nations at Albany, July, 11, 1754, to purchase the Wyoming lands of the Indians.

This association of people, called the Susquehanna Company, proceeded to the Wyoming region and formed a settlement. They hid their tools and farming implements in the Fall and returned to Connecticut to spend the Winter.

The next Spring they drove cattle, hogs and sheep through the wilderness and resumed their farming.

About the same time an association calling themselves the Delaware Company, from Connecticut, purchased a vast tract of land in the Delaware Valley of the same Indian tribes, and in 1755 proceeded to found a settlement on both sides of the river at Cochection.

In 1768 the Six Nations at a council held at Fort Stanwix conveyed the same lands to the Pennsylvania proprietors that they had sold to the Susquehanna and Delaware Companies; thus much trouble arose not only between the two colonies of Connecticut and Pennsylvania, but between the settlers and the Indians.

The Iriquois claimed a supremacy over the Delaware tribes and to settle an old grudge, burned their chief, Teedyuscung, in his cabin and then made the Delawares believe that the Yankees did it.

This treachery greatly irritated the different tribes in the vicinity, and in 1763 they unearthed the hatchet and drove the people from the Wyoming settlement. Some of these refugees fled to Cochection and warned the inhabitants that the Indians were coming, and all the women and children were collected in the block-houses. The attack on the fort was delayed for some time, but the Savages finally came and surprised and killed two men, Moses Thomas, Sr., and Hilkiah Willis, who were outside the block-house. Then they attacked the fort, but found it so well defended that they relinquished the

siege, after which they pursued and killed some cattle, burned the grist-mill, saw-mill and some other buildings.

After the destructive band had left, the settlers were very much discouraged and would have abandoned the settlement if a tribe of friendly Indians had not volunteered their assistance in case of another invasion.

These Indians, who were known as the Cushetunk, made their pledge good in 1777 during the Revolution, when word reached the settlement that a band of Indians and Tories were advancing up the river.

An English woman by the name of Land took her infant in her arms and with the aid of her oldest son drove her cattle off into the woods, where she remained all night, leaving her other four children alone in the house.

The Indians broke into the house very early in the morning and awoke the two girls by tickling their feet with a spear. A certain chief of the Tuscaroras by the name of Capt. John had often visited the settlement, and one of the girls by the name of Rebecca, supposing it to be he, held out her hand and said in a very cheerful voice, "How do you do, Capt. John?" The chief then asked her if she knew Capt. John.

She answered, "I know him, but I see I am mistaken." The innocence and frankness of the child touched the heart of the Savage and he informed her that they were Mohawks who had come to drive the people from the valley, and told her to put on her clothes and go and warn the people to flee before they were all killed.

The girl did as she was told and many rushed to the river and fled in boats down to Minisink.

One mother succeeded in getting all her children into the boat but one foolish girl, who did not realize the danger and sauntered behind. After the boat was started down stream some distance, this mother discovered her child standing on the bank of the river, wringing her hands and crying piteously. The woman was frantic with grief and tried to induce the men to stop the boat and take in the child; but they argued that the boat was already overloaded and besides some of the Savages were coming in their canoes in hot pursuit. All the pleadings of the mother did not get the boat stopped, so the settlers soon disappeared, leaving the weeping child standing on the shore.

That was the last the mother ever saw of the child, and although she succeeded in making her escape, and lived for many years she never could erase from her memory the sad image of her deserted girl crying on the river bank.

When Rebecca came back home after warning the people and witnessing several scenes of murder and pillage, she found the Indians had bound her little brother, Abel, and taken him captive with them.

The Savages, finding that an armed force was collecting at the block-house, fled up Calkin's Creek, where they encountered a body of the Cushetunk Indians, who were not only friends of the whites but of the cause of liberty, and they tried to get the Mohawks to release the boy, but without avail.

The friendly Indians arrived at Land's house about the time Mrs. Land and her other son came home with the cattle and reported the route the raiders had taken. A pursuing party was quickly formed, consisting of several settlers from the fort and all the Cushetunk Indians

that could be mustered. John, the brother of Abel, also joined the pursuers, and by rapid travelling overtook the band and their captive at a place called Oghquaga, where the enemy was drawn up in line of battle. There was, however, very little fighting and the belligerents soon came to a parley, when it was agreed to let Abel return home after he had run the gauntlet, for they claimed he had been very boisterous and made them much trouble.

After the captive had submitted to their barbarous punishment he returned with the party to the Delaware, much to the joy of his mother and friends.

Many of the settlers fled through the forest to Minisink.

One Mrs. Evans, being belated to cross in the boat with her neighbors, swam across the river with her infant, holding the child's head above water, and joined her friends in their flight.

CHAPTER V

STORY OF CAPT. CUDDEBACK.

HE TELLS OF THE SERVICES OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—EXPERIENCE ON A TRIP TO COCHECTON.

“Word came to Minisink from Cochection that some of the Brooks family of that place had been murdered by the Indians and that a certain Tory was accused of having something to do with it. The vigilance committee accordingly set out late the same day for that distant settlement. There were three of us in the party and as it was in the spring of the year the streams were very high and we had much trouble in crossing many of them. Night overtook us on the Old Cochection Trail before we were half way, and as we were passing an old Indian camping ground, I decided that we should spend the night there. While passing a pond on our way, we had shot some ducks, and we made ready to roast them for our supper. We saw a black cloud in the west about the time we had finished our supper, and as there was some bark which the Indians had used for a wigwam piled near, we thought it was best to build some kind of shelter, so as to keep dry.

“We put up some poles and spread the bark on them as best we could, making it high enough to sleep under but not high enough to stand in.

“After we had settled down for the night the rain fell in torrents and it became very dark. We could hear the wolves howling all around us. They, no doubt, had been attracted by the entrails and roasted bones of the ducks which we had thoughtlessly thrown outside, and

one of our party, a slave, became very much frightened. We all fell asleep, along toward morning, when a huge panther gave a hideous yell within a few feet of our tent, and the slave jumped up with such force that he knocked the tent down on top of us.

There we were in the drenching rain, with our guns wet so they were no use to us, and the only thing left for us to do was for each one to pick up a pine-knot torch and our other things and travel on. We traveled the remainder of the night and part of the next day and reached Cohecton about noon. I went to the Brook's home and asked the family what had caused the Indians to attack them. I asked them if they had been practicing the Golden Rule with the Indians, and they answered they thought they had.

By questioning them I found that one of their oxen had destroyed the Indian's corn on the flats. I asked them if they had any corn. They answered that they had. I said, "Did you agree to give the Indians some corn in place of what had been destroyed?" This they refused to answer. One of the boys said, 'A Tory told the Indians that the beast was good for the damage and a band of them came and drove the ox away with them. My father followed and one of the Indian boys fired an arrow which wounded father, and he died several days after.'

"I finally apprehended the Tory and was proceeding with him to Minisink, when the Brooks boys interfered, and it was with great difficulty that we succeeded in saving his life, they were so determined and so revengeful.

"The Tory afterward made me a present of a very handsome powder-horn and bullet-pouch for interfering and protecting him."

Just after the battle of Wyoming, four men, Reuben Jones, Jasper and Stephen Parish, and Stephen Kimble, were surrounded at Paupack Eddy and taken prisoners into the Mohawk Country and suffered many hardships.

Stephen Kimble, not being very strong, gave out under the burden of plunder the Indians compelled him to carry, and died on the journey. Jasper Parish married an Indian wife and remained with the Iriquois. Stephen Parish became an Indian doctor and returned after peace was declared. He practiced in his own community as such, but finally went back among the Savages and died there.

Reuben Jones was a very large and powerful man and was treated with much respect by the Indians. He stayed only a few months, for he began early to plan a mode of escape. In relating his experience after he reached home he said, "I found the young braves were very fond of running foot-races, and I began practicing with them. Although I found I could outrun most of them, I generally allowed them to beat me. All the time I was saving up a portion of my allowance of dried venison for my anticipated long journey. Finally one day I having filled my pockets and clothing with venison, I challenged a young Indian to a decisive race.

"We started and I allowed the youth to keep up until we got out of sight. I then left him far behind and never saw that Indian again. I struck out for the headwaters of the Delaware and followed down to Big Eddy (Narrowsburg), thence across to Paupack. I had many narrow escapes from wild animals, and although I ate nothing but the venison I did not suffer much from hunger."

Jones claimed that an Indian by the name of Canope, who pretended to be friendly to the whites, led him and his companions into the trap and the Mohawks sprung it. Canope was secretly murdered after the war was over, and, although the crime was laid to a man by the name of Haines, it was thought that Jones had something to do with it. Jones' Eddy on the Delaware is said to be named after this adventurous pioneer.

LIBERTY, N. Y., SETTLED.

Isaac Horton built a mill at Liberty Falls, 1828, and began making flour. The wolves were so plentiful and bold that many of the settlers became discouraged.

Mr. Horton salted his flock of sheep and left them secure, as he supposed, for the night. In the morning great was his surprise to find his entire flock gone. The wolves had attacked them at night and he found some of them along the fences and in the adjoining woods, partly devoured. The descendants of the *Horton family are very numerous and very many of them are prominent citizens of several States of our country. The family held a reunion at the Centennial of 1876, where the descendants gathered from nearly all parts of the Union.

One of their number, a minister, preached a sermon at that reunion from a Bible which was brought over in the "Mayflower."

* Some of their ancestors had settled on Long Island prior to the Revolution and when Gen. Putnam was obliged to retreat across the island, leaving no protection for the patriots against the English, many of those people fled from their homes, following in the wake of the army, until they could find suitable land for settlement in Sullivan (then a part of Ulster) and Orange Counties. Very many made their way through the then tangled wilderness by the light of their burning homes.

In the year 1819 a man known as "Uncle Billy" lived in Forestburgh, which was formerly included in Thompson. He was returning home one evening and discovered a large bear track in the snow. A hunt was planned and the next morning he and two other young men started in pursuit. The trail was soon found and easily followed westward toward the Mongaup.

"Uncle Billy" carried his rifle and one of the others had an ax. As they drew near the Mongaup River, they found the snow very much trodden and the pioneer hunters soon discovered a large dark and deep hole under a ledge of rocks.

"Uncle Billy" procured a pole and having split the end began prodding and twisting it in the opening. He then withdrew it and found hair on it, but could not irritate Bruin enough to bring him out. He then sharpened the pole, and using it for a spear, soon brought about the desired effect, for Bruin grabbed the end of the pole in his mouth and started for the opening, forcing "Uncle Billy" before him. The old pioneer then seized his rifle and when the bear's head appeared, he fired, causing the fierce animal to drop to the bottom with a growl and thud. His two companions now advised him to return home, declaring that if either of them should attempt to enter the den it would be certain death, as Bruin was just wounded enough to become ugly. But the old hunter, after some reflection, decided to have his companions lower him into the den by the feet, at the same time giving them instruction to pull him up quickly should he sound an alarm.

The plan was successful, for he found the bear was dead. He then laid hold on his game and his companions drew both "Uncle Billy" and the bear to the top.

They were arranging to depart when they were attracted by a noise in the den, and in a few minutes the head of a smaller bear appeared at the opening.

"Uncle Billy" was ready with his gun and a well-directed bullet caused the mate also to fall back into the hole. She, too, was soon dragged out. They then tied the feet of the bears and the large one was carried on a pole between two, and the small one by the other member of the party. In this way they reached the road where they met a man with a sled. They induced him to take them and their game home, where they and their families enjoyed a bear steak for supper.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SETTLEMENT OF WHITE LAKE,
SULLIVAN COUNTY.

A family by the name of Glass settled at what is now White Lake, early in the nineteenth century. In the year 1806, their little son James, then ten years old, was sent to carry a basket of dinner to some wood choppers about a mile distant in the forest. In going, he found his way all right, but in returning home he missed the path and became lost. He wandered about all the afternoon and sank down at night on a bed of leaves entirely exhausted. He travelled for ten days, sleeping on a leafy bed each night, and proceeding the next morning in search of his home. One night he was awakened by the bleat of a deer; but in a moment heard the loud shriek of a catamount and saw the fierce animal pursuing a little fawn, which, no doubt, fell a prey to the savage beast and satisfied his hunger, thus saving the life of the poor lost boy. Although the child was weak with hunger, having nothing but wild fruit to eat, he continued his search, often dragging himself along on his hands and knees on account of blisters on his feet.

Something seemed to whisper, "Onward! James, Onward!"

Finally, on the eleventh day, he listened and thought he could hear a cowbell. He raised his feeble form and saw a clearing, and finally a log dwelling. He crawled in sight of the cabin and then sank down exhausted. Old Mrs. Lair saw him and came to his rescue and carried his bruised, emaciated form to her house, which was one of the first buildings of Callicoon, New York. She laid him on a bed, dressed his wounds and administered carefully a little nourishment. He fainted away, but recovered, and soon slept in a disturbed slumber. In his dreams he called for his uncle and his mother.

The next morning the old hunters that gathered around hastened to carry the news of his recovery to White Lake. His parents and friends sought him, searching the forest in all directions for eight days, when they gave him up for dead. They declared some wild beast must have devoured him. Great was their joy and surprise when the old hunters came in sight, shouting, "The dead is alive and the lost is found!" The noble-hearted pioneers gathered around to hear the news and rejoice with his parents.

After James was sufficiently recovered he was taken across the wilderness from Callicoon to his home. He lived to be an old man, but never recovered fully from his sad experience.

MONTICELLO SETTLED.

About 1804 two families of Joneses bought a vast tract of land and settled in Monticello, naming it after Thomas Jefferson's home, who was President of the United States at that time.

They offered gifts of land as an inducement to settle-

ment and Platt Pelton, from Putnam County, located there and started a tannery, grinding his bark by horse power. Major Abraham Brownson and several others came from Connecticut about the same time and increased the settlers. As soon as the Newburg and Cohecton turnpike was completed, in 1810, many additions were made to the pioneer settlement.

The town of Thompson was settled at Thompsonville by Judge Wm. A. Thompson in 1795, and named in his honor. He was Judge of Ulster County, and in 1809, when Sullivan was set off, he was appointed the first Judge of Sullivan County.

CHILDREN LOST IN THE FOREST.

Mrs. Mumford, of Wayne county, Pa., once sent her two little girls, aged six and four years, to a neighbor's, and in returning they lost their way and wandered off in the woods. The parents became very much frightened when it began to grow dark the few settlers collected and spent the entire night searching for them, but without success. The next day and the next night the search was resumed, and finally, on the third day, Mr. Mumford heard "Trip," the little dog that was with the girls, bark, and called him. The dog came to his master, but the girls, fearing the voice was that of an Indian, hid in a clump of bushes.

The anxious father then began calling, "Debora!" "Sarah!" and soon the little ones recognized the voice as that of their father, and came from their hiding place. They were nearly naked and so weak they could scarcely walk.

They were taken home, where the mother's tears of grief were changed to acclamations of joy and thanksgiving to the Heavenly Parent who watched over and

saved her dear little ones, notwithstanding the fact they were sleeping in the wilderness, surrounded by ravenous wild beasts.

The children told how they had made a bed of leaves beside a large log each night and after they lay down to sleep, how little "Trip" had lain down at their feet to keep watch. One night they were awakened by hearing little "Trip" growl. They looked up and saw two large wolves looking over the log at them. Their little guard barked so savagely that the "big dogs," as the children called them, ran away. They told how they had found berries to eat when they were so tired and weak with hunger that they could travel no further.

HOW PROVIDENCE MADE PROVISION FOR THE PIONEERS FROM CONNECTICUT.

Although these early settlers were far from any market, they were well supplied with meat from the forest, fish from the river and lakes, and sugar from the abundant maple groves.

Mr. Drinker, a Quaker, sent a box of maple-sugar to Robert Morris of Philadelphia with a request that it be forwarded to the President of the United States. History does not state how it was sent; but no doubt it went to Philadelphia on a raft of spar timber. The box was forwarded as requested and the President courteously acknowledged the gift as follows:

"New York, June 18, 1790.

"Sir:—Mr. Morris has presented me, in your name, with a box of maple-sugar, which I am much pleased to find of so good a quality. I request you to accept my thanks for this mark of attention; and being persuaded that considerable benefit may be derived to our country from a due prosecution of this promising object of in-

dustry, I wish every success to its cultivation, which the persons concerned in it can themselves desire. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“George Washington.”

The Quaker remarked to a friend, “So thou seeth how I am advanced to a correspondence with the King of America.”

SHEHAWKEN FOUNDED.

Shehawken (Hancock), the salt emporium, was founded at an early date and other settlements grew out of the perseverance of the sturdy Connecticut pioneers.

An association of settlers returned to Connecticut one autumn to spend the Winter and left one family by the name of Stanton in their log cabin, twelve miles from any neighbor. The family were reduced almost to starvation in the Winter, when a hunter by the name of Church came along and found them. At first he did not know what to do to relieve the sufferers, but he remembered seeing an elk-track on the road, and as the snow was very deep he soon overtook and shot it and gave it to the destitute family, and thus saved their lives.

DESCRIPTION OF JOSEPH BRANT—A MOHAWK CHIEF.

His personal appearance and bearing were well calculated to inspire the respect and obedience of his savage followers. Captain Jeremiah Snyder, who, with his son, Elias, was made prisoner near Saugerties, and taken to Niagara, thus described this famous chief:

“He was good looking, of fierce aspect, tall and rather spare, well-spoken and apparently about thirty years of age. He wore moccasins elegantly trimmed with beads, leggings and a breech-cloth of superfine blue, a short green coat, with two silver epaulets, and a small round laced hat. By his side was an elegantly silver mounted cutlass; and his blanket of blue cloth (purposely



Jos. Brant
Shayendanegea

dropped into the chair on which he sat to display his epaulets) was gorgeously adorned with a border of red. His language was very insulting."

Brant has been denounced as an inhuman wretch. Even an English author attributes to him the atrocities of Wyoming. But great injustice has been done him. The charge of cruelty he always repelled with much indignation and a great number of instances can be adduced to show that although in battle he generally gave full scope to the murderous propensities of his followers, he endeavored to mitigate the horrors of war whenever he could do so without destroying his influence with his own race. When he invaded Minisink in 1779, he marked the aprons of little girls with his totem, and thus kept them from harm. By stratagem he saved Col. Harper, an old schoolmate, from the gauntlet. Even in battle he was ruled by the principles of Masonry. In 1780 he returned from a raid on Harpersfield by the way of the Delaware, when he rebuked the Oneidas, who remained friendly to the Americans, for cruelty to non-combatants. He then wrote them the following letter in the Iroquois language:

* Be it known to you Bostonians that all the inhabitants here of whom I had taken captives, I carry but few of them with me, and much greater part, who are feeble and incapable of war, I have set them at Liberty. It is a great shame to abuse the feeble ones. I have always said so ever since we commenced to kill you. Many prisoners I have released, therefore you have greatly roused my wrath, in that you continue to abuse those who are like prisoners. Let it be no longer. So far you are men as well as we, and if you still persist to do so, I know not what may happen hereafter.

(Signed) Joseph Brant.

On the Delaware, April 15, 1780.

Previous to August 21, 1788, Colonel Brant wrote a

letter from Oquaga to Colonel Jacob Klock, commander of a regiment of Tryon County militia,* from which we make this extract:

“I am sorry, notwithstanding all the gentle usage we have from time to time given the prisoners we have taken from you and even letting many of them go home after we made (them) prisoners, that you who boast of being a civilized people have treated our people who were so unfortunate as to fall in your hands in a most inhuman manner, beating them after you had bound them; but if you persist in waging war after that manner, we will ere long convince you that our lenity proceeded from humanity, not fear.”

Providence made Brant an adroit strategist, and his native talent was strengthened and sharpened by the society and the learning of Europeans. He fell like a thunder-bolt upon his enemies and destroyed them. His blows were equally unexpected and disastrous.

We do not propose to give a full account of his acts here. It is sufficient for our purpose to record no more than has a direct bearing on our own locality.

In October, 1778, he crossed the wilderness from the Delaware to the Neversink, and passing down the latter, on the thirteenth of the month invaded Peenpack. His approach was discovered and a majority of the inhabitants fled to the blockhouses. Many were killed, among them was an old man named Swartwout and four of his sons. James, another son, escaped. In the Peenpack blockhouse were many women and children, and but nine men. Captain Abraham Cuddeback, the commander, caused the women to don men's attire and parade with his squad of militia in such a way that the enemy were led to believe that the “fort” was strongly garrisoned.

*Changed 1784 to Montgomery Co.

Brant, having no artillery, did not attack many of the blockhouses.

INCIDENTS OF BRANT'S RAID ON MINISINK.

The school was surprised, the teacher, Jeremiah Van Auken, taken some distance away and killed, and the scholars scattered in all directions. Two Indians were shot from the Van Auken fort, which was probably the cause of this outrage on the schoolmaster.

Brant saw the little girls weeping by the dead body of their teacher and he came and dashed some black paint on their aprons, bidding them hold it up, whenever they saw an Indian, as it would save them. The girls began to think about the safety of their brothers, and the boys were quickly assembled and the mark transferred to their garments. Thus many of the children were spared, although some were made captives.

James Swartwout, whose father and brothers were killed the following year, narrowly escape. He was in a blacksmith shop with a negro, when he discovered the Indians close at hand, and immediately climbed up into the chimney over the forge.

The Indians entered the shop and, after taking such things as they fancied, one of them went to the bellows and began blowing at a rate that proved very uncomfortable to Swartwout, who was nearly strangled with the charcoal smoke. Finally the negro induced him to do something else and Swartwout's life was saved.

A man named Rolif Cuddeback was pursued some distance into the woods by an Indian, who hurled his tomahawk after him but missed the mark. The savage soon overtook him and they both grappled. They fought furiously, each striving to get possession of a knife that was in the Indian's belt. The knife fell to the ground and neither dared stoop to pick it up. They continued

the struggle until the savage was glad to retreat. It is said that the same Indian was shot at Lackawaxen on a horse stolen from Minisink.

ADDRESS BY THE AUTHOR ON THE INVASION AND
BATTLE OF MINISINK BEFORE THE M. V. H. S. FEB. 22, 1911.

During the Revolutionary war the Indian confederacy, consisting of the Six Nations, was located in Central New York and in the Mohawk and Genesee valleys, and during the preliminary differences between England and the Colonies, which led up to that war, they remained neutral. To use their own expression:

"The big tree was planted at Albany to which the chain of friendship was made fast and the council fire of the Indian confederacy continued to burn until the breaking out of the war in 1775."

The most powerful and warlike of these Indians were the Mohawks, who were subdivided into three tribes—the Wolf, the Bear and the Tortoise. Among the Wolf tribe there was a young chief known as Brant's Joseph, who had been educated at the Wheelock school in Connecticut, which developed into Dartmouth College. He had also visited England and studied the parliamentary rules and war tactics of the mother country.

In England he received marked attention and, upon being promoted to the rank of Colonel in the British army, was easily persuaded to return to this country and raise an army among his own nation, who were inclined to side with England, on account of reports circulated among them by English traders that the Colonial army was about to invade the Mohawk Country. This army was commissioned at Fort Niagara, to make foraging expeditions in the surrounding country and secure supplies from the enemy.

Brant at times associated with Buttler, a Tory who had escaped from an Albany prison and was very much embittered against the colonists. He had made several destructive raids at Oriskany, Cherry Valley and Wyoming, burning buildings and murdering inhabitants; and in the Summer of 1778 extended his depredations as far as the Delaware Valley, where he procured some plunder from Cochection and Minisink, the only towns of any note at that time in the upper Minisink valley, and escaped without molestation.

Early in July, 1779, a very strong expedition was fitted out under the same wary chief, who, by his deeds of barbarity among the colonists, chilled the very blood in their veins, wherever the name of Brant was mentioned.

This expedition was also commissioned at Fort Niagara and consisted of a strong troop of Indian and Tory cavalry, and a large band of Indian runners and these were to be followed by a large fleet of canoeists, who followed up the Genesee valley to the Susquehanna carrying place, carried their canoes over and descended the Susquehanna to the Delaware carrying place: thence down the Delaware valley to Minisink.

There is no certainty, however, that the canoeists proceeded any further down the Delaware than the old Lackawaxen ford. Several spies who lay near Brant's army the night following the battle of Minisink, report that they saw the enemy on the next day removing their wounded in canoes up the river.

On account of the raid on Minisink the year before, Count Pulaski had been stationed there with a troop of cavalry and had endeared himself to the people by nearly a year of watchfulness among them. He was, however, recalled in the early Summer by Gen. Washington, to aid in suppressing hostilities along the southern coasts. This left the isolated villages of Cohecton and Minisink unprotected, except through a vigilance committee, which traveled the old Cohecton trail between the two hamlets occasionally, watching for signs of Indian outrages and Tory atrocities.

Minisink at that time was a small scattered hamlet of about twenty families, with several forts or blockhouses, to which the people retreated in case of an Indian outbreak or invasion. These hardy pioneers lived mostly by farming and stockraising, most of them keeping slaves to perform the manual hard labor.

On the 20th of July, 1779, when Brant and his savage horde came in sight of the place, the people were attending a funeral of one of their number and the first warning they had of the approach of an enemy was the smoke rising from their burning buildings.

The women and children made a rush for the blockhouse and the men made a feeble defense, only to fall a prey, many of them, to the tomahawk. Many of the slaves who sought to conceal the stock on the farms were made captives and forced

to aid as stock drivers and plunder bearers. No less than twenty buildings, including the church, several sawmills, houses and barns, were burned and many of the people killed and scalped.

The enemy having secured much plunder, such as bedding, provisions, horses and cattle, seized several captives, mostly women, children and slaves and began a hasty retreat up the Delaware River. They sent their prisoners and plunder in advance and encamped the night of the 20th at Grassy Brook, a small stream flowing into the Mongaup about five miles above Port Jervis.

The speaker then digressed to tell the contemporaneous events transpiring with the Colonial forces, particularly as to the taking of Stony Point. Col. Hathorn's militia was at Warwick, following that victory, when word came from Minisink that the Indians were ravaging and burning the place and he gave orders for a forced march to their aid. He continued:

TUSTEN MARCHES TO DEFENSE OF MINISINK.

Col. Tusten, who was in command of the Goshen militia, received a similar dispatch from Minisink and not only ordered his entire force to hasten to the defense, but called for volunteers; and citizens left their shops, farms and stores to join in pursuit of Brant and his murderous band.

Col. Hathorn says in his official report to Gov. Clinton that when he arrived at Minisink, the following day he found an army of about 120 men consisting of Col. Tusten's force from Goshen and Maj. Meeker's from New Jersey. A small force which had come down the river joined him later, increasing his forces to about 150 men.

The force from Cochection and vicinity was of inestimable value to Hathorn's army, because they had a very thorough knowledge of the country, roads, streams, etc., of the upper Delaware Valley. Hathorn was informed about noon on the 21st of July by the Cochection scouts that Brant was marching up the river with prisoners and plunder and resolved on immediate pursuit. The Delaware being a very crooked stream and the scouts knowing of the old Cochection trail running nearly direct over the hills, it was determined to push forward along the trail and if possible reach the Lackwaxen ford first, to give battle at that point and secure the prisoners and plunder.



TUSTEN MARCHES TO DEFENSE OF MINISINK.

The valiant army put forth every effort and by marching until twelve o'clock at night succeeded in reaching Skinner's Mills, now the beautiful Lochada and encamped for the night within three and one-half miles of the enemy, who had reached the mouth of Halfway Brook, now Barryville, and were within four miles of the ford.†

The next morning, July 22, after a hurried breakfast, the Colonial militia pushed forward and came upon the enemy's camp fires, which were still smoldering, indicating that the foe was but a short distance in advance. They were, however, surprised to find that such a vast extent of ground had been occupied by Brant and for the first time realized that he had a much larger force than their own.

A council was again held among the officers, questioning the wisdom of proceeding farther, but a bravado movement, led by Maj. Meeker, soon caused the pursuers to resume their march.

Hathorn, knowing the treachery of Indian warfare, ordered his men to leave their horses and heavy equipage behind and keep on the high ground and they accordingly picked their way along the mountain side overlooking the Delaware Valley. They had not proceeded far when they discovered Brant's forces about three-fourths of a mile in advance, hurrying toward the ford.

Capt. Tyler and some others advanced the idea that, as there is a great bend in the Delaware just below the ford, they could make time by going directly over the hill and they accordingly turned to the right and followed a small ravine known as Dry Brook, and made a last strenuous effort to head off the raiders.

The Orange County militia was again disappointed, for when the men arrived in sight of the ford some of the Indians and much of their spoil was across in Pennsylvania. A part of the stock, guarded by a strong force in the rear, was yet on the

† This march must have nearly exhausted the little army. The pursuit was commenced some time in the night. The papers left by Captain Abraham Cuddeback, and now in the possession of his descendants, show that the party reached the house of James Finch, at what is now Finchville, on the east side of the Shawangunk, in time for breakfast, and that he supplied them with salted provisions. From here they crossed the mountain, and reached the house of Major Decker, and then pushed on over the Indian trail seventeen miles farther. How many men of Orange and Sullivan, in these effeminate days, can endure such a tramp, encumbered with guns and knapsacks?

east side of the river and Hathorn decided upon an immediate attack.

He hurriedly divided his army into three divisions, placing one about 300 yards distant on his right flank, with Col. Tusten in command, and one on his left flank, with Col. or Judge Wisner in command. The division of the center Hathorn commanded in person, with Capt. Tyler leading an advanced picket line. The captain unfortunately discharged his rifle, causing the Indians to discover their pursuers before the flank divisions could be properly posted and necessitated an immediate advance by the division of the center. Hawthorn ordered his men to fix bayonets and advance, and when within about 300 yards shouted "fire."

The volley was very effective and caused many of the wounded to rush into the river without returning the fire. Hathorn, by his brilliant dash had recovered some of the stolen cattle and was proceeding to secure them, when he heard firing behind him and learned, much to his alarm, that the wary Brant had thrown himself in their rear and had attacked the two flanked divisions, driving one entirely out of the engagement and the other down the hill precipitately toward the river.

Brant then came out in full view and addressing himself to the Colonial commander, demanded the surrender of the entire army. Before the Mohawk had finished his demand a bullet from one of the militia pierced his belt and he immediately withdrew, but was soon afterward heard in tones of thunder calling to his retreating forces across the river to return and join in the battle. The forces from Pennsylvania were soon seen recrossing the river and having collected in force began a sort of bush firing.

Hathorn was now obliged to collect all his forces in one division and both armies began a series of flank movements, each striving to gain the higher ground, until they reached an eminence nearly a mile from the river. The brave Capt. Tyler was killed in one of these flank movements and several were wounded.

Hathorn perceived at this juncture that his men, who were suffering from heat and thirst, were also very much fatigued and withdrew to a small plateau. Here he hastily collected his wounded, drew up his army into a hollow square and threw up

some rough breastworks. This ground, although of a rough, rocky structure, on account of its depressions on all sides except the north, proved to be a very advantageous battleground.

The Indian forces tried every stratagem to carry these works, which they completely surrounded and often charged from opposite directions to within forty or fifty yards, when they were repulsed with great slaughter. Here several men were killed and many wounded, and Dr. Tusten, who was an army surgeon, improvised a hospital under a rock, and having collected the wounded, who were suffering much from loss of blood and heat, began to administer to their needs, notwithstanding the fact that he had also received a serious wound in his hand.

This depleted army, reduced to about forty-five men, officers included, defended this ground for three and one-half hours and the Indians began to show signs of preparation to withdraw their forces. Col. Hathorn, knowing the ammunition must be nearly exhausted, from a constant firing of more than five hours, ordered his men not to fire a shot unless they were sure of their mark.

This cessation of the firing caused the enemy to make another charge, and just before sunset Brant massed his entire strength on Hathorn's north, which was the only place where a charge could be made without climbing a hill, and with terrorizing threats against the Yankees and hideous yells they swooped down into the very midst of the square. Here the exhausted little army received them with fixed bayonets and clubbed muskets, holding them in check for some time.

Col. Tusten, seeing the advantage the Indians had gained, called Capt. Cuddeback and requested him to try to stop the retreat. This was impossible, for it had become too general.

Here I wish to pay a tribute to one of the greatest of Revolutionary heroes, Col. Benjamin Tusten, for what requires greater heroism than to stay on the field of battle and die for friends? I can imagine I see that faithful physician standing at his post, where such a high and important duty had placed him, watching the receding forms of the routed army as it retreated precipitately down the hill toward the river. That this brave man never left his post of duty was made evident by the fact that forty-three years after the battle the bones of eighteen skeletons were found at the Hospital Rock on the field where he died defending his wounded companions.

Prof. Twichell, in closing, read an extract from the report of Col. Hathorn to Gov. Clinton* depicting the terrors of the battle and commending the bravery of the men. He also quoted from his own forthcoming book, "History of the Minisink Country," the following:

"There was no glory in the battle of Minisink. For the Colonists there was naught but defeat and disaster, and for their foe a partially satisfied thirst for human blood. Although the Colonists fought in a just cause and with unparalleled heroism to drive a plundering foe from their homes and recover their stolen stock, there was no glory in the battle for them. For they felt their army was destroyed and many of their comrades slain.

All who heard the Mohawk chief, when the battle was pressing hard on his braves, calling for those guarding the spoils across the river to return and reinforce him, never forgot the thunderous tones of his powerful voice. And there was no glory in the battle for the Savages and Tories, for although they gained a victory, in a sense of the word, yet the cries of their wounded and the bodies of their dead on and about the battlefield convinced them that the victory was dearly bought.

* "*Dear Governor*, it's not in my power to point out to you the disagreeable situation I was in, surrounded by a foe, with such a handful of valuable men, not only as soldiers but as fellow citizens and members of society, and nothing to be expected but the hatchet, spear and scalping-knife. The tremendous yells and whoops! All the fiends in the confines of the Infernal Region, with one united cry, could not exceed it. Add to this the cries and petitions of the wounded around me, not to leave them, was beyond parallel or idea. My heart bleeds for the unfortunate wounded who fell into their hands. However, circumstances give me a little consolation. Mr. Rodger Townsend of Goshen received a wound in his thigh: being exceedingly thirsty, making an attempt to go to find some water, was met by an Indian, who, very friendly, took him by the hand and said he was his prisoner and would not hurt him. A well directed ball from one of our men put the Indian into a dose and Mr. Townsend ran back to the lines. I hope some little humanity may yet be found in the breasts of the savages. I should be at the greatest loss was I to attempt to point out any officer or soldier who exceeded another in bravery during the time of the general action. Too much praise cannot be given them for their attention in receiving orders and alacrity in executing them."

For there were nearly as many of Brant's army slain as the entire number of Colonial troops engaged in the conflict. And although the Revolution lasted for four years after this battle they never made a subsequent raid on Minisink.

They had made a raid on the unprotected inhabitants of the Minisink valley the year before and escaped with their plunder unmolested. But the battle of Minisink was such an effectual chastisement to them that they were glad to get back to Fort Niagara.

Had the ammunition of the whites held out a little longer they would have won a decisive victory and recovered their own. Their hearts were bleeding from the fact that all of their wounded whose suffering was not ended by the merciless tomahawk were left untended and ungarded to die a lingering death far from home and friends. And the disaster cast such a gloom over the entire Minisink region that it was many years before even an effort was made to collect and bury the dead.

The fact that the whites were unable to recover their property depressed them very much; but what wrung their hearts most and caused the bitterest sorrow was bearing the news to those bereaved that their loved ones were slain or dying of wounds in a dense wilderness and left to the mercy of a savage foe or the ravages of wild animals.

ACROSTIC

To Benjamin Tusten, by the Author.

Bravery is not in sounding words but deeds;
Every man should do, not say, his part.
Not every one that strives succeeds,
Just in the consumation of his art.
Answer every query of your busy life,
Making those who question more sincere;
In the din or lull of battle strife,
Naught but gallant spirits give good cheer.

Tusten laid his sword and gun aside

Under the shadow rock upon the field,
Soothed his wounded and, himself, denied
'Till his long lamented fate was sealed.
Every son should drop, for him, a tear
'Neath Hospital rock, where was his bier.

CONFUSION OF DATES IN REFERENCE TO THE MINISINK INVASION AND BATTLE.

According to records recently found by Victor M. Drake there must have been at least a warning of Brant's coming to Minisink as early as the 17th, or three days before he actually appeared. The order is as follows:

"To Caleb Goldsmith, Sergt.: You are hereby requested to warn your class and march to Minisink, hereof fail not as you will answer the county.

Given under my hand this 17th day of July, 1779.

SAMUEL JONES, Captain.

The fact that Benjamin Dunning, one of the class, was killed in the battle is evidence that this order was carried out. The alarm which caused this order may have come from some outposts where Brant had made his appearance.

THE MINISINK BATTLE.

There are several reasons why the Minisink battle was one of the most noted battles of the Revolution. In the first place the alarm of Brant's invasion and the call for Hathorn's army to march to Minisink came just after *Gen. Washington had ordered that commander

*Gen. Washington had planned the capture of Stony Point and Gen. Anthony Wayne (Mad Anthony) by a brilliant dash had taken the fort and captured 600 prisoners. As this happened only 5 or six days before the battle of Minisink it is supposed that Washington was sending a portion of these prisoners to the Easton prison on the Delaware, when he sent the order to the Warwick commander for him to furnish a guard of 100 men to accompany them to their destination. This order was very unfortunate for Hathorn and his army and there is not the slightest doubt but the "Father of his Country" would have countermanded the order, had he known of the urgent need of these three companies at the impending battle which took place a few days later.

to detail one hundred men of his regiment for a guard to escort British prisoners to Easton. This deprived Col. Hathorn of one company that he should have had in the battle, and it is evident that if he had marched against Brant with his entire army he would have won the battle and destroyed the devastating band. As it afterward proved, according to Hathorn's official report, if the ammunition had not run short, or if Col. Seward, who was hurrying to his aid with ninety-three men, had not been detained by a mutiny which arose among the soldiers, he most assuredly would have been a victor.

In the second place the battle was fought in a rocky wilderness where the Indians who were accustomed to stratagem could take every advantage.

The incident of the battle related by Daniel Myers, one of the survivors of the battle, gives some of the advantages taken by the Savages. This incident also bears out Col. Hathorn in what he says in his report about Brant being reinforced from Cohecton, for the Tories of that settlement had numerous slaves. Daniel Myers lived many years after the battle and was one of the committee appointed to gather the bones in 1822. He said, "The tightest place I got into in the battle was just after Brant's reinforcements came. I was stationed behind a tree with considerable open space around me on all sides, firing at the enemy whenever a head or even a feather appeared from behind a rock or tree. All at once I saw a negro dart behind a large tree, after he had fired a shot at me which was evidently a running shot and went wide of the mark. This caused me to move further around the tree and in an instant a ball from another direction struck the tree, which not only glanced and wounded me but filled my eyes with bark and dust. There I was for several moments between

two fires: an Indian on one side and a negro on the other, but I managed by taking advantage of the one with the empty gun to kill them both." When the retreat begun I managed to make my way to the river and swim across, holding my gun up with one arm."

Another reason why this battle was noted was the fact that, although the Indians and Tories succeeded in routing the Orange County militia and murdering so many of them as prisoners, the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was so great that Brant himself acknowledged, afterward, the battle was a great calamity to his army.

Col. Seward and others who lay near Brant's encampment the night following the battle, and saw the Savages the next day bearing away the wounded in canoes, reported that his loss was very great. They said the ground where the enemy encamped the night of July 22d was strewn with bloody rags and plasters and clots of blood so that the whole surroundings gave evidence of great suffering and a great number of dead and wounded.

There has been a tendency among historians to picture Hathorn's retreat as a rout bordering almost on annihilation; but from that commander's own statement in reference to the retreat, the conditions have been misrepresented.

He said, in speaking about the enemy having forced the north line of the hollow square: "Here we gave them a severe gaul. Our people, not being able to support the lines, retreated down the hill precipitately toward the river. The enemy kept up a constant fire on our right, *which was returned.*" And in another part of his report he tells about rescuing some of the stolen cattle and returning them to the owners at Minisink.

Brant killed *Gabriel Wisner with his own hand. In after years, while on a visit to New York, he declared that he found Wisner, when the battle was over, so badly wounded that he could not live or be removed; that if he was left alone on the field the wild beasts would devour him; that he was in full possession of all his faculties; that for a man to be eaten while alive by ravenous beasts was terrible; and that to save Wisner from such a fate he engaged him in conversation and, when unobserved, struck him dead. Such barbarous mercy may seem strange to us; but it is not inconsistent with the character of a semi-civilized Savage.

Captain Benjamin Vail was wounded in the battle, and after the rout was found seated upon a rock and bleeding. He was killed while in this situation by a Tory.

Several of the fugitives were shot while attempting to escape by swimming the Delaware. Of those engaged in the battle, thirty escaped and forty-five, it is known, were killed. The balance were taken prisoners or perished while fugitives in the wilderness. Among the killed was Moses Thomas, 2d, a son of the pioneer of that name, who was shot near the old Cushetunk blockhouse. The son was slain by a Tory named Cornelius Cole.

Major Wood of the militia, though not a Mason, accidentally gave the Masonic sign of distress. This was observed by Brant. Faithful to his pledge, the red Master saved Wood's life and gave him his own blanket to protect him from the night air while sleeping. He

*Gabriel Wisner was a very eccentric man and years before the battle of Minisink he made himself very obnoxious to the British crown by taking a sledge and breaking a keystone which the English king had sent over from Europe for the arch in the jail building the people of Orange County were constructing at Goshen.

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Several of the fugitives were shot while attempting to escape by swimming the Delaware. Of those engaged in the battle, thirty escaped and forty-five, it is known, were killed. The balance were taken prisoners or perished while fugitives in the wilderness. Among the killed was Moses Thomas, 2d, a son of the pioneer of that name, who was shot near the old Cushetunk blockhouse. The son was slain by a Tory named Cornelius Cole.

Major Wood of the militia, though not a Mason, accidentally gave the Masonic sign of distress. This was observed by Brant. Faithful to his pledge, the red Master saved Wood's life and gave him his own blanket to protect him from the night air while sleeping. He

*Gabriel Wisner was a very eccentric man and years before the battle of Minisink he made himself very obnoxious to the British crown by taking a sledge and breaking a keystone which the English king had sent over from Europe for the arch in the jail building the people of Orange County were constructing at Goshen.

subsequently discovered that Wood was not one of the brotherhood and denounced him as dishonorable, but spared his life. (After his release, Wood assumed the obligations of this ancient and honorable fraternity.) The blanket was accidentally damaged while in the prisoner's possession, which made Brant very angry. He then treated Wood with much harshness.

One of the militia attempted to escape with the others, but was so exhausted he was obliged to turn aside to rest. In a little while he saw one Indian after another running in the direction his friends had gone. They continued to pass until a very powerful Savage discovered him, when the man fired his last shot and fled. The red man did not follow. He was probably disabled by the shot, if not killed. The name of this militiaman we believe was Cuddeback.

*Samuel Helm, of the Mamakating family of that name, and a grandson of Manuel Gonsalus, the first settler of that town, was wounded, but being an expert woodman as well as Indian fighter, escaped. He was stationed behind a tree, when he saw an Indian thrust his head from behind a neighboring trunk and peer around as if looking for a chance to shoot a patriot. The Savage had on his neck what appeared to be a black silk handkerchief. At this Helm fired. Much to his satisfaction, the Indian fell upon the ground, apparently

From Quinlin's Sullivan County.

*Helm, in relating the adventure to our informant (Lawrence Masten) said the astonishment of the redskin when he was unexpectedly confronted with the muzzle of the gun was truly ridiculous. Helm then managed to get to a piece of low land near the battlefield, and finally to the river. His trail was made plain by his own blood. He knew he would be followed and killed if he did not baffle his pursuers. He therefore plunged into the river and managed to pass down some distance with the current. Then he got ashore and hid among the rocks. As he anticipated, the Savages tracked him to the river bank, where he saw them hold a brief consultation and look up and down the stream. Not seeing him, they turned back, and he saw them no more. Here he managed to stop the flow of blood from his wound and remained until it was safe to commence his lonely and weary journey back to the valley of the Neversink. He reached it after much suffering.

dead; but not much to his satisfaction, he himself was immediately shot through one of his thighs by another of Brant's men. The wound seemed to take away sensation and strength from the limb, and Helm dropped to the earth, but kept behind his natural breastwork. The Indian did not at once rush up to scalp Helm, being anxious to ascertain first whether it was safe to do so. This gave the white man a chance to reload his rifle. After dodging around a little, the other made a dash for Helm's scalp; but instead of getting it, received a bullet which put an end to his life.

Benjamin Whitaker, who afterwards lived and died at Deposit, was wounded during the day, but kept on fighting until he became sick and faint from the loss of blood. He then retired to a safe place, where he staunched the blood with tow from his cartridge box, and binding up the wound with a handkerchief, again joined eagerly in the fight.

John Whitaker (a brother of Benjamin) was in the hottest of the battle, and, although he received nine bullet holes through his hat and clothes, escaped uninjured.

Allusion has been made to Sullivan's expedition against the hostile tribes of the Six Nations in the Summer of 1779. He passed through Warwarsing, Mamatkating and Deerpark; crossed the Delaware; followed it down to Easton; then went to Wyoming, where his army numbered three thousand; from the latter place he conveyed his artillery and stores up the Susquehanna to Tioga Point, where he arrived about fifteen days after the battle, near the mouth of the Lackawaxen. Here he waited for the division of his army under General James Clinton. Clinton marched by the way of Canajoharie, Lake Otsego and the Susquehanna to Tioga Point, which he reached on the 22d of August. Brant, in returning to Canada, was too shrewd to follow the road

blocked by these forces. A few days after the battle on the banks of the Delaware, and while Clinton was delayed at Lake Otsego, he fell upon a village in the Mohawk Valley. Therefore, he must have avoided the Susquehanna and continued on up the Delaware, probably following the West or Mohawk branch, and around Clinton's rear.

Abraham Bennett was a boy at the time of the battle of Minisink; but when Tusten was leaving Goshen he became very anxious to join the expedition against Brant; and having had some experience in the fife and drum corps, he begged his father, *Benjamin Bennett, who was one of the militia, to let him go as drummer boy. The drum corps did not go any farther than Minisink. There they were advised by Capt. Tyler and his men, who had come down the Delaware Valley from Cohecton, to return home, as the march of the army would be through a vast wilderness and the hardships would be too great for their endurance.

BRITISH EXAGGERATE HATHORN'S DEFEAT.

The British in New York published a very exaggerated account of the Minisink battle, which is, in part, as follows: "A person just arrived from Joseph Brant and

* Benjamin Bennett was severely wounded in the thigh, and when the retreat began, after the battle, he besought one of his companions to aid him in making his escape. The wounded man clung to his friend, thinking that if he could reach water and slake his thirst he would have strength sufficient to get away into the forest and hide for the night and proceed toward home the next morning. They succeeded in getting as far as a spring (supposed to be the large one east of the plateau on the Twichell farm) when they heard the enemy coming close upon them.

Mr. Bennett, being very much exhausted and knowing what his fate would be, drew his pocketbook from his pocket and handing it to his friend, said, "Flee for your life and, if you reach Goshen, give this to my wife." His companion, reluctantly, took it from his hand and fled, but before he was out of hearing, the death yell reached his ears and he knew Benjamin Bennett was dispatched by the cruel tomahawk. His friend reached home after great suffering to deliver the pocketbook and bring the sorrowful news to Mrs. Bennett that she was a widow and her children orphans.

his brethren stated that Brant had with him only sixty Indians and twenty white men." The same account gives the following returns: "Among the principal inhabitants killed were Col. Benjamin Tusten, Jr., Capt. Sam'l Jones, Capt. Jno. Little, Capt. Jno. Wood, Capt. Duncan, Capt. Benj. Vail, Capt. Reat Tyler, Adj. Nath'l Fink, Lieut. Benj. Dunning, Lieut. Sam'l Knapp, Lieut. Jno. Wood, Lieut. Abraham Shepherd, Justice Gab. Wisner, Justice Roger Townsend, Justice Wm. Barker, Com'r Jas. Knapp, Com'r Jas. Moshier and Gilbert Vail. Wounded, Maj. Hans Decker, Maj. Sam'l Meeker of the Minisink Militia. Out of 149 that went out 30 returned—missing 119."

Hathorn's report of the missing gives 21 men. It seems a delicate task to reconcile either of these reports with the names inscribed on the old Goshen monument, which are 44 in number.

It has also been claimed that some of the 44 names there inscribed have been found on old deeds and records which were executed by them long after the battle was fought; but as the commander himself was there when the old monument was erected and laid the cornerstone, and was, no doubt, consulted with reference to the number of the slain, we cannot dispute the record on the enduring stone.

It would seem that Col. Hathorn made his report from the soldiers and citizens who were missing from Warwick, Goshen and the immediate vicinity, and afterward learned of the other 23 men; because he does not seem to have included Matthew Terwilliger, of Minisink, and several others of Cohecton and vicinity in his report. Another version which might afford a reasonable conciliation, is that during the forty-three years which elapsed between the battle and the burial all those who may have died from their wounds received in that

engagement may have been counted worthy to have their names placed on the monument to perpetuate their memory.

A PRISONER'S PERIL.

In the evening after the battle the monster Brant was proceeding to tie Maj. Wood by brute force. The Major remonstrated, said: "I am a gentleman and promise not to escape." He was not tied but laid between two Indians, and told that should he attempt to escape he should be tomahawked. The blanket on which he lay took fire in the night, but he dared not move lest the tomahawk should cleave his brain.

He lay still until the fire reached his feet. He then kicked it out, without disturbing his guard. It was Brant's blanket and ever after the Chief treated him very harshly. When Maj. Wood asked Brant why he maltreated him so, Brant, flying into a passion, replied with an oath, "Because you burnt my blanket!"

Wood's life was spared by accidentally giving the Masonic sign to Brant, who was a member of that order. When the Mohawk learned that Wood was not a Mason he treated the prisoner with withering scorn. Wood lived to return to his family in Goshen after the close of the war.

Through the courtesy of Att'y J. W. Gott of Goshen, who is a descendant of Col. Tusten, the author is able to give the legible parts of Wood's Journal which he brought back with him from Canada.

"I left home July ye 20, 1779, and was taken the twenty-second, about eighteen miles above Menesing after a severe conflict which lasted almost the whole day. I received two wounds, one before I was taken and one after I was taken, and had the mortification of seeing several of my countrymen tomahawked and one after he had been a prisoner some time—the 23 marcht to Kashaton—from thence up the Kukhous

Branch to Kukhous, where we arrived 27—from thence to the Susquehanah River—At this place Capt. Brant left us and went up the river with a small scout and I was left with Capt. Wm. Johnson, an Indian, who used—kindly. We set off down the river—and ye 31 *Tuscororor John, an Indian chief died of his wounds. —a—Chomong an Indian town— His gun—I lay at this place till ye 10 of August, during which I suffered much with hunger. I was obliged to eat hides that was S—. I was sent away in the night to another Indian town called Shokonot. At this place I was left in care of Capt. Huff, a white man. Left this place ye 13 in the morning and was made to run 5 or six miles without stopping, with three Indians behind me and two before—accuse of this was an alarm. I arrived at Catherine town the same day I was again put in care of a white man and left this place ye 16. Met Buttler's rangers and a number of Indians goin to meet the American army. ye 17 reached an Indian town called—muel Orchard.” (At this point the page is illegible.) The unfortunate prisoner speaks of a lake—an Indian town and a boat near a river under the command of Lieut. Fry, and allowance of half a pint of oatmeal each day. Here received some clothing, for he was stripped when taken. Was made to row when weak with hunger. Saw Col. Stacy, who was taken prisoner at Cherry Valley. Drew cloth for shirt but was a long time before he could get it made. Was for some time clad with all articles of clothing except pants. Finally arrived at Fort Niagara was escorted to large stone house by guard. Complains of being confined in dungeon with several others with very bad air. Was removed to Montreal and from thence to St. Johns. (The latter part of book is gone, but it is known from history that Wood was exchanged for a prisoner who was confined at Albany and returned to Goshen about 1783 at the close of the Revolution. It is intimated by some letters, written by Maj. Wood which are also in possession of Mr. Gott, that the Continental Congress by a special act made provision for the widows and orphans caused by the battle of Minisink and some other battles of the Revolution by offering large tracts of Government land to such as would move on it and occupy it.

* Tuscororor John, no doubt, was the chief who was wounded and mistaken by Col. Hathorn for Brant; for the Commander says in his report to Gov. Clinton, “The Indians were under the command of Brant, who was either killed or wounded in the action.”

THE GATHERING OF THE BONES OF THE SLAIN.

The following extract is from the *Independent Republican* of Goshen, dated April 29, 1822:

"All the bones that could be found of the brave men who fell in the battle of Minisink were collected from the battleground on Wednesday last and brought to the village on the day following. They are now in possession of the committee, with whom they will remain until the anniversary of the day upon which the battle was fought.

In securing the bones, neither pains nor expense were spared. The party traveled about forty miles the first day and half of that distance was a complete wilderness. They put up for the night at Mrs. Watkins', who lived about six miles from the battle ground to which they proceeded the next morning.

Some left their horses behind, it being very difficult to get along with a horse.

The country around was a complete wilderness, scarcely exhibiting a trace of human footsteps.

The battle was commenced on the bank of the Delaware opposite the mouth of the Lackawack and terminated about three-quarters of a mile from the river. It was a matter of astonishment to many of the party when they were shown the course taken by our troops. Some of the descents are really frightful. Most of the bones were found on the ground where the battle was fought; but some were found some distance away, which undoubtedly belonged to the wounded who had died from hunger and fatigue."

All of the bones of the unburied slain were not found by the Orange County Committee in April, 1822, for about twenty years after some hunters reported to the citizens of Barryville, N. Y., that other bones had been located, and these citizens organized a party to go to the battleground and collect them and bring them to that town. They then set apart a certain day and arranged for public services in which many public men took part. After the ceremonies and in accordance with the programme the bones were then interred in the old

burying ground in the rear of the Congregational Church.

Several years afterward, about 1847, the time of the enlargement of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, another skeleton was found by the late Isaac Mills of Lackawaxen. He was searching for N. B. Johnston's cows in the mountainside about opposite the mouth of the Lackawaxen River, when he discovered a complete skeleton under a ledge of rocks. There was no doubt about this being one of the unfortunate wounded of the Minisink militia, because there still remained sufficient traces of his army equipment to determine that he had been a soldier.

Mr. Mills reported to his employer what he had found, and acted as a guide to a party of canal employees who brought the remains to Lackawaxen, where they made a coffin and placed them in their final resting place in the old burying ground on the river bank in front of the Odd Fellows Lodge in Lackawaxen.

THE INDIAN DEAD.

It was not positively known where the Indians buried their dead until the Delaware and Hudson Canal was constructed in 1828, when the workmen accidentally dug into their trenches as they were excavating for the locks in front of the Delaware House, near Lackawaxen. Traces of these old locks may yet be seen on the point at the confluence of the two rivers. The dead warriors were not only found in these trenches, but many of the weapons of their savage warfare, such as spear-heads, arrow-heads, tomahawks, etc.

BONES DISCOVERED AROUND A SPRING.

A number of years after the battle, while many of the survivors were still living, a scouting party was or-

ganized at Minisink to visit the place of the conflict. In returning they stopped in the house of Joseph Cowen at Handsome Eddy and related what they had seen on the battleground. In some places parts of skeletons were preserved by being in swampy places, in others by being under ledges. One body was discovered near where the present monument now stands, with a rude wall around it, as if honored by a rude burial on account of some gallant deed.

Joseph Carpenter, who lived on the Beaver brook, where the old "Cochecton Trail" crossed that stream, and who helped the Orange County Committee in gathering the bones, told of this particular incident, and pointed out the rude sepulchre to the late Samuel West of Yulan, N. Y. Traces of this enclosure were quite plain until 1879, the workmen, through some misunderstanding, used these stones as well as other parts of the breastworks in building the monument.

The author has every reason to believe that the heroic *Dr. Tusten may have been honored by Brant and his followers and their appreciation of bravery shown in that way.

INCIDENTS OF THE ROUT AND RETREAT.

Capt. Abraham Cuddeback was called to consult with Dr. Tusten about trying to rally the men just as the retreat began, and consequently was the last man to leave the ground. He was very hotly pursued by the Savages and ran in the direction his men had gone until he was entirely exhausted. He then stepped a short distance out of the path, cocked his gun and waited for some time without being discovered. He saw the In-

* Dr. Tusten was Surrogate of Orange County at the time of his death and held other prominent positions in society. He left a wife and several children, the youngest of which never saw her father.

dians one after another running in the direction the white had gone. Finally a large and powerful Savage turned and caught a glimpse of him, when he fired his last shot and fled. The Indian did not follow, so he was supposed to be either killed or severely wounded. The Captain continued his course toward the river until he came to very steep rocks. He then slid down where he found a good place of concealment. Here he stayed until it grew dark, when he proceeded home.

John Wallace, of Minisink, was severely wounded and became separated from his captain, in the retreat. During the battle these two men managed to keep together and each acted as a guard of the other. Occasionally the captain would warn his companion to keep back, but he would exclaim as he sallied out seeking another opportunity to fire. "I want to get at them." "If I can only get sight of them."

The next day Captain Cuddeback reached Minisink and reported all he knew of John Wallace to the anxious wife and children. For three days they mourned for the missing man, when unexpectedly he came home with three deerskins on his back, to the great joy of his family and friends. He had hunted on his way home and feasted on roasted venison.

GEN. HATHORN'S ADDRESS AT THE BURIAL OF THE BONES
AT GOSHEN, JULY 22, 1822.

At the end of three and forty years, we have assembled to perform the sad rites of sepulture to the bones of our countrymen and kindred. But these alone are not sufficient; policy has united with the gratitude of nations in erecting some memorial of the virtues of those, who died in defending their country. Monuments to the brave are mementoes to their descendants; the honors they record are stars to the patriot in the path of glory. Beneath the mausoleum whose foundation we now lay, repose all that was earthly of patriots and heroes.

This honor has been long their due, but circumstances, which it is unnecessary for me to recount, have prevented an earlier display of the gratitude of their country. Having command on that melancholy occasion, which bereft the nation of so many of its brightest ornaments—having been the companion of their suffering in a pathless desert, and a witness of their valor against a savage foe of superior numbers, I approach the duty assigned me with mingled feeling of sadness and pleasure.

May this monument endure with the liberties of our country: when they perish, this land will be no longer worthy to hold within its bosom the consecrated bones of its heroes.

ADDRESS OF DR. WILSON (ORATOR OF THE DAY), DELIVERED TO ABOUT 15,000 PEOPLE ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Forty-three years ago this day and at this very hour of the day, the brave men, whose bones are enclosed in these coffins, were not only hazarding, but sacrificing their lives for the protection of their wives, their children, their homes, and their country. You have before you, fellow citizens, the remains of some of those heroes, whose blood paid the price of our freedom and independence: for they fell in battle, at that period, when this nation, through perils the most tremendous, was struggling into existence—at a time when an old and gigantic monarchy in the true spirit of despotic power, was putting forth all her energies, to hold us in a state of vassalage and destroy for ever the cause of liberty, at the moment of its dawn on the new World.

But I do not now recount the deeds of valor, nor the counsel of wisdom, which were made the means of procuring for our country all the blessings, which she now enjoys in such profusion. On this topic a thousand tongues were eloquent, on the late anniversary of our Independence. Nor do I now call your attention to the benign providential administration of "the Prince of the kings of the earth," whose arm wrought for us deliverance: though an ample theme that well deserve to occupy more of the public attention, and to awaken more gratitude, in the celebration of our great national festival.

There is one feature of the policy of our enemy, in managing her most unjust and unnatural warfare against us, which

merits special notice, as immediately connected with the disastrous event over which we are called to mourn—I mean her more than inhuman employment of the tomahawk and scalping knife of the Savages to butcher our peaceful citizens—a policy which stains forever the pride of British glory.

In ancient times when war was waged against any nation, hoary-aged women and children were equally the object of its destructive fury with the warrior in the field of battle. The cruel feature of war has been softened, or rather obliterated, by the progress of civilization: and by common consent of civilized nations, the soldier in arms only is the object of attack, while the unarmed citizen of every class remains unmolested—a law of nations which divests war of more than half its horrors. But this amelioration in the laws of war has not reached the savages of our wilderness who spare no age nor sex—all are the objects of their indiscriminate butchery. Their tomahawk sinks into the head of the sucking child, while reeking with blood of the mother. Such was the warfare to which the British cabinet allied itself, “shaking hands with the savage scalping knife and tomahawk.” Notwithstanding the loud remonstrance of its most enlightened statesmen, the parliament of Great Britain employed the savage hords to murder in cold blood the unoffending women and children of our western frontiers. All that the most sanguinary tyrant could have desired, did the savage allies of our enemies perpetrate. The blood of murdered thousands yet cries for vengeance on the British throne. Who can imagine, much less recount, the terrors and sufferings of our western people, while the Indian tomahawk was raised over their heads or bathed in their blood? Yet, I see the pillars of smoke ascend from their burning cottages along the western border from the plains of Kentucky to the mountains of the Minisink—the flames of their houses glaring on the darkness of midnight, and hear the screams of women and children awakened from their slumbers by the blaze of their dwellings, and the warwhoop of the Savage. Yes, all this was more than realized.

One chieftain was distinguished above all others, in this murderous carnage—I mean Col. Joseph Brant. His father was a German and his mother a Mohawk Indian. He was at an early age placed in Dartmouth College, where he received many kind attentions, and possessing no ordinary powers, ac-

quired a good education: and thus he was dandled on the knees, and sucked the breast, of that country, whose sons and daughters he was by British cruelty, commissioned to massacre.

Early in the Revolutionary War, he received from George III a Colonel's commission, appointing him to the command of the six, in the northern and western parts of New York. It was he who is styled by Campbell, in a note to his "Gertrude of Wyoming," "the monster Brant" and who was a leader in the dreadful massacre, which desolated the blooming fields of fair Wyoming in the Autumn of 1778.

The ferocity of his savage nature was not tamed by education—in him the blood of the barbarian extinguished every spark of civilization that might have been kindled in his constitution. He was more cunning than the fox and fiercer than the tiger. With three hundred of his warriors he set out from Niagara in June, 1779, to fall upon the western frontiers of this state. There was also under his command, painted like Indians, about two hundred Tories, who, through courtesy, we often hear called, "disaffected," "the friends of the British Government," etc. I prefer to call them by the good old Revolutionary name, "Tories."

After the middle of July, they appeared on the west of Minisink, like a dark cloud hanging on the mountain top, ready to break on the plain below, in thunder and lightning, tempest and hail. On the morning of the twentieth, the inhabitants were awakened from their slumbers by the flames of their dwellings, and fled in consternation.

Their farms were laid waste and their cattle and other property plundered by a detachment of his execrable band, whom Brant had sent out for the work of robbery and murder. On the evening of the same day, Col. Tusten of Goshen, received by express, intelligence of the events of the morning, and issued orders to the officers of his regiment, to meet him on the morning of the twenty-first, with as many volunteers as they could raise, at Minisink, which he had fixed as the place of rendezvous. The officers, generally, with the small force which they could raise and equip on so short a notice, met the Colonel at the place appointed, where they held a council of war, and discussed the question whether they should pursue the Savages or not. Col. Tusten wisely opposed the pursuit, as Brant, a skillful warrior, was probably the com-

mander, as the enemy's force appeared to be much superior to them, and as they had with them many Tories who were well acquainted with the woods; while they had only a small force, were ill supplied with ammunition, and at the same time expected reinforcement. The majority, however, were in favor of pursuing the Indians, who they said would not fight, and from whom they should endeavor to recover the plunder. In the midst of these deliberations, Maj. Meeker mounted his horse, flourished his sword, and said, "Let the brave men follow me; the cowards may stay behind." As may be readily thought, this decided the question; they all took up the line of march and proceeded that evening seventeen miles and encamped for the night. On the next morning they were joined by a small reinforcement under Col. Hathorn of the Warwick regiment, who, being an older officer than Col. Tusten, took the command. When they had advanced a few miles to Halfway Brook, they came upon the place where the Indians had encamped the preceding night, and another council was held there. Cols. Hathorn, Tusten and others whose valor was governed by prudence, were opposed to advancing farther, as the number of Indian fires, and the extent of ground occupied by their encampment, removed all doubt as to the superiority of the force of the enemy. Here the same scene which broke up the former council was re-acted, and with the same effect.

Capt. Tyler, who had some knowledge of the woods, was sent forward at the head of a small scouting party, to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy, and give notice of the best grounds for attacking him. But he had not advanced far before he was killed, a circumstance which created considerable alarm. As our troops were marching north on the hills west of the Delaware, about nine in the morning, they discovered the Indians, advancing leisurely along the bank of the river, about three-quarters of a mile distant.

Brant had sent forward the plunder under an escort to a fording place of the Delaware, near the mouth of the Lackawack, where he intended to cross the river. Col. Hathorn wished to intercept him before he reached that place. Owing to intervening woods and hills, the two armies soon lost sight of each other, and Brant, instead of advancing along the bank of the Delaware, wheeled to the right, and passing up a deep ravine, over which our troops had marched, and thus he, cross-

sing our line of march, showed himself on our rear, about ten o'clock.

By this skillful manoeuver he not only took us by surprise but chose his own ground for commencing the attack. Col. Hathorn, as the men were ill supplied with ammunition, issued an order like that of Gen. Putnam at Bunker Hill, not to fire a single shot until the enemy was near enough to make it take effect.

Just at that moment an Indian was seen riding a horse that had been stolen from Minisink on the twentieth, and was known to one of our men who immediately fired on him and killed him. The fire soon became general. At the commencement about fifty of Col. Hathorn's men were cut off from the main body and could not be brought into the engagement, leaving between eighty and ninety men only to contend with the whole force of the enemy, five times their number.

Every thing that the most determined bravery could effect was effected. Soon after the commencement of the battle they were completely surrounded by the Savages on the summit of the hill, descending on all sides, and the ground which they occupied among the rocks and bushes was about an acre in extent, which they maintained in an obstinate conflict from between ten and eleven in the morning, until late in the afternoon. The wounded were collected in a secure place under a rock, to the number of seventeen; where Col. Tusten, who was a skilled surgeon, dressed their wounds.

So deadly was our fire, that had it not began to slacken on account of the failure of ammunition, Brant afterward admitted that he would have been compelled to retreat. Several attempts to break into our lines had failed, but just as the fire began to slacken, one man who had guarded the northwest angle of the hollow square and who had kept up from behind a rock, a destructive fire upon the enemy fell, and the Indian and Tory crew broke in upon our troops like a resistless deluge. The yell of the Savages, the screams of the wounded calling upon their companions not to forsake them, and the groans of the dying presented a scene of horror which beggars all description. Col. Tusten probably fell, determined not to abandon the wounded. All the rest fled in every direction, and more were killed in the flight than fell in the battle. Some swam across the Delaware, while others were drowned in attempting to cross.

Out of eighty, who were in the engagement, forty-four were killed, chiefly militia officers, the most respectable citizens who had offered themselves willingly before their men could be equipped. Some were wounded, who died by a lingering and protracted death, whose wounds were not in themselves mortal, but they were forced to suffer under them, inflamed by the heat of the weather and from want of dressing, while they were distressed with hunger and burning fever, no one to administer them a drop of water, or cheer the protracted agonies of death by a sympathizing word or look—Thus died a father, a husband or a brother far from his home in the cheerless solitude of the mountains.

*Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere coelumque
Aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur agros.*

(Hapless he falls by wounds which the cruel foe inflicted; looks to Heaven for aid, and dying remembers his sweet native place.)

What horrors surround such a death! How ungrateful that they should be thus suffered to perish for want of aid! For forty-three years, too, their bones were suffered to whiten among the rocks of the mountain, after their flesh had been devoured by wild beasts, and of some, perhaps, before they were dead. It was not that widows, of whom there were thirty-three in the Presbyterian congregation, were regardless of the remains of their husbands, who were dear to them as their own lives; for they engaged and paid a man to conduct them to the fatal woods of slaughter, where they intended to collect and bury them.

They set out on horseback, but had not proceeded far before they were forced to return. How could females ride over the rugged and pathless mountains? The man went on, promising to perform the duty which they had piously attempted, but he violated his promise and never returned to tell them that he had done so. But in the county it had long been known that the bones of these heroes were thus ungratefully neglected. Were their sufferings, their agonies, their deaths, for the protection of their wives, their children, their country forgotten? This day we mourn their death and acknowledge our ingratitude. Oh! ye spirits of the brave who fell in defence of our liberty, our land, too long have we neglected your re-

mains, too long have we been ungrateful, we acknowledge. But oh! my voice cannot reach you; you cannot hear me; I ought not thus to address you. The living my voice can reach; you will permit me to address the noble sentiments of your souls and invite you to emulate the example of these heroes in deeds of noble daring, should your country ever call. The young and those now around me under arms, may see our country involved in danger, that will require even the sacrifice of life for her safety.

But you will suffer me to remind you, that in order to sacrifice life rationally, though in our country's righteous cause, requires more than what is called patriotism and heroism. To meet death boldly, in any cause, while the soul is in its natural enmity against Heaven, is no better than the rashness of a mad man; it is rushing upon misery unutterable and eternal, from some blind impulse or the light applause of an hour. It is only by faith in Jesus Christ who died for the salvation of sinners, that any human being can face death calmly, collectedly and rationally. Who can tell what consolation religion may have ministered to those who expired in the long agonies of death, after the battle of Minisink, without any human aid? None other could have done. Great as their bodily pains must have been, future prospects may have imparted much alleviation. How intense would their anguish have been, had the prospects beyond the hour of death been only dark and alarming.

But, fellow citizens, though you should never be called to expose your lives in the field of battle, though you should continue to the close of life amid scenes of peace, in the bosoms of your families and die having your cheeks bathed with the sympathetic tears of the most affectionate, the most tender-hearted relatives, and my hope and prayer is, that you enjoy all these, yet they are poor and frigid consolations for a dying man, if he has none other. Whether, then, Heaven has destined your country to peace or war in your days, it is wise to be prepared for death, applying in time to the atoning blood of the son of God for redemption, and the sanctification and consolation of the Eternal Spirit, to carry you in triumphs, may I say) more than real, through death—yes, through death, “for it is appointed unto all men once to die.” In a few years these thousands who now stand around us, shall all sink into the

earth on which you stand; the clods of the valley shall cover you and not one be left alive. Whilst this day it is your decorum, that you remember with sympathetic emotions of sorrow the fall of the excellent citizens whose bones you now inter—remember yourselves.

You know that when you die your souls survive, and that your bodies, too, shall live again. These dry bones can live, they will live again, they await, and your remains soon to follow to the tomb, shall await there the call of that Creator who formed the soul and the body to appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

While we look back to their death, let us also look forward to our own and to their resurrection on that day "for which all other days were made." It is hastening; we must witness its awful solemnities, not like those of this day. It will not be ushered in by the sound of such artillery as you have to-day heard; but the trump of God, the Archangel, reaching to the depths of the ocean and the solemn silence of the grave, whose tenants shall all start into life, raised by the omnipotent energies that shall descend in the voice of the trumpet. Then shall

"Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings play
Their various engines: all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines."

You shall not then, as to-day, be called to attend the interment of a few bones, but to wait on the funeral of the material universe—the interment of the world we inhabit—the interment of her attendant moon—the interment of yonder sun now shining gloriously in mid-heaven and the interment of every star that burns by night in the blue vault of heaven. Secured in the favor of the Almighty Creator, by the Redeemer of man, may we all be prepared for waiting upon the funeral obsequies of earth and the heavens in peace and safety.

SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE

Some of whom attended the obsequies at Goshen in 1822:

COL. JOHN HATHORN of Warwick, N. Y.

MAJ. JOHN POPPINO, Somerville, N. J.

MAJ. MEEKER, N. J.

EVI DEWITT, N. J.

MOSES DEWITT, N. J.

AJT. ROBERT ARMSTRONG, Florida, N. Y.
 MAJ. JOHN WOOD, Goshen, N. Y.
 STEPHEN SMITH, Goshen, N. Y.
 CHAS. WEEKS, Goshen, N. Y.
 SERGT. CALEB GOLDSMITH, Goshen, N. Y.
 CAPT. ABRAHAM CUDDEBACK, Minisink, N. Y.
 DANIEL MYERS, Minisink, N. Y.
 JOHN WALLACE, Minisink, N. Y.
 JOHN HOWELL (old sailor), Minisink, N. Y.
 JONATHAN BAILEY, Wawayanda, N. Y.
 ABSOHN CONKLIN, Lackawaxen, Pa.
 MOSES KILLAN, Panpack, Pa.
 SAMUEL HELM, Manakating, N. Y.
 BENJAMIN WHITAKER, Deposit, N. Y.
 JOHN WHITAKER, Deposit, N. Y.

THE OLD MONUMENT REPLACED BY A NEW AND MORE
COSTLY ONE.

Dr. Merrit H. Cash, who was a descendant of one of the survivors of the Wyoming massacre, bequeathed the sum of \$4,000 toward the erection of a more suitable and impressive monument to take the place of the one first erected over the bones of the Goshen Militia, and in 1862 the present Minisink monument at Goshen was erected and dedicated.

The old monument was presented to John Edward Howell of Goshen and was donated by him to the Sullivan County Committee of the celebration in 1879, to be erected on the battleground in that county.

*An effort has recently been made to conform to Mr. Howell's wishes by resetting the old monument at the Hospital Rock on the actual battlefield where Dr. Tusten and his wounded were massacred.

* The old monument stood at the rear of the church and when the present monument was erected the site was changed to the position which it now occupies near the Court House. The change was made in 1862, after the bones had been buried forty years; but the two walnut coffins which contained the remains of the honored dead were found to be in an excellent state of preservation and were carefully and reverently interred under the present imposing monument, which is given on the cover of this book. Goshen also contains a monument to Henry G. Wisner, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

CHAPTER VI

GOSHEN CELEBRATION OF 1862.

EXTRACTS FROM SPEECHES, ETC.

A part of the programme was as follows:

Prayer by Rev. George Potts, New York City. Reception of Orange and Sullivan County Committees with address of David F. Gedney. Oration by Jno. C. Dimmick, Esq. Miscellaneous addresses by society, Sons of Orange and Sullivan.

On account of the condition of the country then engaged in the bloody Civil War, it was impossible to restrain the speakers to scenes of Minisink during the Revolution.

Rev. Dr. Potts prayed, "O Divine Ruler, protect the brave men who are defending the cause of the Union upon the battlefield, and strike from the temple of liberty the sacrilegious hand of the traitor!"

Mr. David F. Gedney said, "No human being can lift the veil which now envelops our native land. I trust she will emerge from her darkness radiant with starry brightness."

Mr. A. S. Van Duzer said, "We have come here to meet the loved of other days, to rekindle within our hearts the fires of patriotism and to offer prayer for the brave departed. Alas! what a chalice of woe and desolation has been presented to the lips of the American people. I hear the voices of those whose bones lie under that icy marble, calling to us to march forward with cold steel and belching cannon until this accursed rebellion is subdued. My thoughts inevitably run forward into coming years. It is now our blessed privilege to teach the rebellion a never-ending lesson. Future generations will erect monuments to the memory of the noble army of martyrs who have fallen in its path."

THE BATTLEFIELD.

BY J. W. JOHNSTON, ESQ., CHAIRMAN.

The Minisink Battle occupies its proper page in American history, and the 22d day of July, 1779, is acknowledged as the day on which that sanguinary battle was fought.

The field of the battle is also well understood by the public in general, while a few have recently sought to raise a question as to its locality.

It is desirable that such a question be carefully considered and rightfully settled, and that all reasonable doubt in regard to a matter of such importance be dispelled.

It is a lamentable fact that the history of the battle is deficient in many essential particulars, and that by an unpardonable negligence much information has been irretrievably lost, and which if once collected and preserved by those who possessed the opportunity, would now be hailed as a valuable possession.

A number of the men actually engaged in the conflict lived and circulated among their former neighbors for years afterward, and the means of information thereby presented, together with others of equal certainty, but serve to prove the indifference of mankind in regard to matters of such lively interest to those living in after years.

But whatever doubt may surround many incidents connected with it, the fact is established that the one place entitled to the distinction of being the field of the Minisink Battle is situated in what is now the town of Highland, County of Sullivan, and State of New York, and in lots number sixteen and seventeen in the seventh division of the Minisink Patent. By an air line the distance of the field from the village of Barryville in said town of Highland is 288 chains, or three and three-fifths miles, and about four and one-half miles by the usual route of travel. From Lackawaxen it is distant about one and one-fourth miles by road, and is elevated above the level of the Delaware River at that place not less than 1,000 feet.

The field itself is a plateau formed by a ledge of rock, most of which is covered by earth to a depth sufficient to support the growth of shrubbery. The edges of the ledge present a projection towards the southeast, southwest and northwest, and when viewed together form, most nearly, a semi-circle. Toward

the southeast the face of the ledge is somewhat broken, 15 to 18 feet high and may be ascended or descended without much difficulty. Towards the southwest it is in part composed of broken rock, while another part exhibits a steep hill some 25 feet in height.

The imperfect breastwork of the whites so hastily erected may still be traced, and which as late as 1839 was so distinct as to leave no doubt of its direction and extent, or the ground occupied by those it was intended to shield.

That we have not mistaken the battlefield, let the following evidence be respectfully submitted:

When the bones of the slain were collected and removed to Goshen for burial, they were found upon this plateau and at the base of the ledge of which it is composed.

Is there proof of the assertion? If I may refer to my own personal acquirements, I answer that my information enables me to answer affirmatively; and that others may judge of its sufficiency, I give the evidence by which I have been convinced.

John Carpenter formerly owned and resided upon what is known as the Beaver Brook farm situate in the town of Highland, and where the waters of the Beaver Brook and Dry Brook unite with the Delaware River; the farm on which he was born and grew to manhood, and whereon, as we are informed by a member of the family, his father settled in 1782, three years after the battle.

Mr. Carpenter was a man of an active, intelligent mind, of inquiring habits, retentive memory, easy and accurate in his communications, and probably reached the period of his majority near the beginning of this nineteenth century.

In the autumn of 1839, I called upon him at his place of residence and asked him to show me the ground on which the Minisink Battle was fought. He kindly consented and led the way up and along the valley of the Dry Brook where neither road nor pathway had yet been opened for about the distance of one and one-fourth miles, until we entered upon the plateau I have described. This he designated to me as the battlefield and conversed upon many incidents connected with it.

Here, sixty years after the battle, was to be seen the frail breastwork which the few brave men in the hour of peril and in the anxiety of their hearts had erected in the presence of the

savage foe, with each and every stone, apparently, in the position their hardy hands had placed them.

Joseph Carpenter, a brother of the gentleman before named, once owned and resided upon a farm situate along the same Beaver Brook, two miles up the stream, and where the old Cochection road crosses the same. He was a very few years younger than his brother: settled here about the same time, and the foregoing statement respecting the habits and abilities of the one is equally true of the other.

In the year 1843 I first heard that this Mr. Joseph Carpenter had assisted in collecting the bones of the heroes from the battleground, and at an early day thereafter I journeyed to the place of Mr. Carpenter and learned from him that such was the fact. I informed him that I felt a degree of solicitude in regard to the battlefield and the events associated with it, was anxious to acquire whatever reliable information subsisted, and that I would cheerfully pay him for his time and labor if he would accompany me to the battlefield, and give me such information as he possessed relative to the collection of the bones and to all other matters pertaining to the ground, the battle, &c., &c. He appointed the following Saturday for the journey, and suggested that I be at his place at an early hour of that day. I carefully attended to the appointment and arrived at his house at 9 o'clock a. m.

His good lady (Aunt Dorcas), than whom a kinder did not live, provided for us an ample lunch and we commenced our appointed journey. On leaving the premises of Mr. C. we passed some distance up and along the old Cochection road, and then through a pathless wild until we arrived upon this same plateau, where we remained, exploring the ground and surroundings, searching for relics and rehearsing traditions of the battle, until the sun was nearing the brow of the western hill.

Here was what the second Mr. Carpenter recognized as the ground on which ill-requited bravery grappled with savage fury, only to die, and to remember in dying for their country and home. Here, too, was the spot from which he with his own reverent hands helped to gather the whitened remains of the men who died that liberty and right might survive, and that they might be united in a common sepulchre as in life they had been united in a common purpose.

Here at the base of the ledge forming the northwest extrem-

ity of the plateau, Mr. Carpenter could designate the spot where the largest number of bones were found, and hence the inference that the brave and faithful Tusten with his disabled followers, there became the objects of a cruelty which must continue to blacken the page of history on which it is recorded.

Here again, at different points along the margin of the little pond lying at the foot of the hill, bounding the plateau on the southwest, he could point out where the partial skeletons of several bodies were found, as though, amid the fast fading scenes of life, the mangled bodies had sought that murky spot in hope to allay a dying thirst.

In estimating the value of such evidence, the favorable ages, the abilities, the residences and the general opportunities of the gentlemen above named to acquire the information they have imparted, all tend to inspire a confidence in their statements. One resided one and one-quarter, the other two and one-half miles from the scene of the struggle, and as before stated commenced their residences here at an early day. Their arrival at manhood was not remote from the date of the conflict and they possessed and unquestionably improved the opportunity of talking with many other men who lived at the time of the battle, quite probably with some engaged in it.

If additional evidence be deemed useful, I may further state that but a very few days ago I met my now aged and much respected school-teacher of early days, Daniel J. Watkins, from whom I learned that when an active youth of 14 years he accompanied and assisted the party which done itself immortal honor by removing the remnants of the departed heroes from the wild mountain where they had so long lain with blasting reproach to their kindred and countrymen. From his vivid memory Mr. Watkins points to the same ground designated by the Carpenters, and in his description of the ground and rehearsal of the incidents connected with the collection and removal of the remains, not a single discrepancy appears between the two accounts of Joseph Carpenter and himself.

BY J. W. JOHNSTON, CHAIRMAN.

Extract From Address of Welcome.

We shall not ask in vain to-day that you join us in the hope that such assemblages shall convene under the ægis of the Con-

stitution which now spreads its grateful shadows over us, under a like form of government, with institutions ennobled and improved by the constantly increasing intelligence and virtue of the times.

And now, as the gentle western breezes unfurls yonder chaste, proud ensign of Republican Sovereignty, we confide in you to hope with us that it will ever float over a land and a people that are free, and that all the myriads which shall yet arise from the bosom of coming centuries will own a noble and virtuous pride in the protection it secures.

THE MONUMENT.

The monument is composed of stones gathered from the battlefield, excepting the two flagstones which cap the different sections, and the boulder which forms the crown. All these were obtained from Capt. L. F. Johnston at the mouth of Beaver Brook, and by his procurement drawn first to Lackawaxen and thence up the acclivity to the battlefield. The flagstones are each five inches thick, the one five and one-half and the other four feet square. The boulder is of white sandstone and weighs about 1,500 pounds.

In the center of the lower section of the monument, and directly beneath the large flagstone, was placed a black walnut box which was brought from the Southern States by Abel S. Myers, Esq., upon his return from the late war, and whose grandfather was a brother of the Daniel Myers who acted such a prominent part in the Minisink battle.

In the box is a paper containing the names of the Committee of Arrangements and others interested and assisting in the erection of the monument.

PRAYER BY REV. J. B. WILLIAMS OF WHITE LAKE, SULLIVAN COUNTY, N. Y.

O Lord of hosts! we desire to worship Thee on this mountain. Thou art a great King and all people should be silent before Thee. It befits us to adore Thee this day of commemoration of departed heroes, while we lift up our hearts to the God of our fathers in the midst of these woods and rocks, and templed hills, which are themselves the proof of the presence, and power, and majesty of our God.



We thank Thy great name, our Father in heaven, that we have come to this Centennial day, made memorable by the great sufferings our forefathers endured to found for us this free Republic.

We thank Thee that we are not bowing down under the rod of the oppressor, and that this nation is still the asylum for the oppressed of all lands. May grateful emotions spring up in our hearts in connection with these public observances, that instead of the alarm of war we have the kindly salutations of peace; that instead of the groans of the dying, on this once gory field of battle, we have the strains of music and the pleasure of social conversation, in a land where concord and prosperity prevail throughout all our borders.

Most merciful Father! Thou dost remind us of the horrors of war, the sufferings of patriots, the tears of the widows and orphans, and the desolation of homes to which loved ones never returned, while their bones for long years lay unburied on these lonely heights; yet we bow before Thine august throne with humble submission to all Thy royal arrangements, and magnify that infinite wisdom which over-ruled the disasters of war for the glory of thy great name and the welfare of the whole nation, to the end that posterity might learn to value their blood-bought privileges. Great God! we thank Thee that Thou didst hear their prayers, Thou didst see their tears, and Thou didst regard their sufferings. Great in Thine infinite goodness that if ever the dearest interests of civil and religious liberty may be imperiled that the sons of our country may be always ready and willing to make the needful sacrifice of life, it may be, in imitation of those illustrious ancestors who died for their home, their country and their religion.

We confess that we are less than the least of Thy mercies, yet what astonishing goodness passes before our eyes, as we review the mercies of the last hundred years towards our nation. We have gone through great adversities and lamentable wars, and remain still a happy, united and prosperous people. Out of many nations Thou hast founded one great nationality where Christian institutions flourish.

May the Sabbath long be observed among us, and Sabbath instruction be given to the youth of the land with increasing success, and may education and virtue improve their minds. May profanity and immorality cease; may temperance prevail

and righteousness become the stability of the times. Send, we pray Thee, national prosperity.

Bless, O Lord! all ranks and classes of society. Bless the President of the United States and give him wisdom to guide the difficult affairs of State. Bless the members of Congress; many they be good men and rule in the fear of God.

Bless aged fathers, mothers and the children present. May the next generation see better days than ever their fathers saw, the nation increasing in virtue, morality and religion until it shall become the glory of all lands.

Be pleased, our Father in heaven, to guide the tongues of the speakers that they may utter words advisedly, that our hearts may be strengthened for every good purpose, and may gratitude fill every soul.

We remember this day that our lives are short and uncertain—“our fathers, where are they?” When we, too, shall pass away and sleep with all the mighty dead may our latter end be peace and our final gathering be with the blood-bought throng in heaven above. And to Thy blessed name, through Christ Jesus, be all the praise, world without end. Amen.

ORATION BY HON. WM. J. GROO OF MIDDLETOWN,
ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y.

Fellow Citizens: One hundred years ago to-day, on the spot where we are assembled, now in the town of Highland, Sullivan County, N. Y., forty-five brave men gave up their lives at the call of duty, and for the protection of their homes. If it be true as some believe, that the spirits of the departed are conscious of the conduct of the living, we may well suppose that all who were present on that ever memorable day are now witnessing with the deepest interest, our proceedings. May this thought inspire us to the utterance of such words as shall fitly commemorate their deeds.

We are not here simply to express our admiration of the men who were killed in the battle of Minisink, but of all who fought in that engagement. Death has now overtaken them all, and we must remember and recognize the fact, that he who survives the performance of a great duty ought to be awarded equal praise with him who loses his life before the contest is ended.

As we recur to the battle of Minisink, three names at once occur to our minds as the most prominent actors in that sanguinary contest, viz.: Cols. Tusten, Hathorn and Brant.

The record of this day's proceedings would not be complete without making a passing notice of these commanders.

Col. Benjamin Tusten was born on Long Island in 1743, and consequently was thirty-six years old at the time of the battle. His father moved into Orange County when the son was but three years old, and settled about three miles from the village of Goshen. Young Tusten, after a thorough academic education, studied medicine and became a prominent and successful physician and surgeon. He continued the practice of his profession, having the confidence and esteem of the entire community in which he lived, until the time of his death. Like most really great men, he was modest and unassuming in his manners. He early took ground in favor of the independence of the Colonies, but he was not permitted to live to witness the consummation of his hopes.

Colonel, afterwards, General John Hathorn, was a true patriot and a man of sterling integrity. He was, at the time of the battle, about the same age of Tusten and Brant, and although the result of the engagement was disastrous to his command, no one ever questioned his bravery.

The fact that his little band of untrained soldiers were able, for so many hours, to resist the attack of an enemy that greatly outnumbered them, is evidence that he was a man of superior military genius. The high estimate placed upon his character and ability by the citizens of that day, is shown by the fact that he was repeatedly chosen to represent them in the halls of State and National legislation. On the 22d day of July, 1822, forty-three years after the battle—the occasion being the laying of the foundation of a monument at Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., to commemorate the sacrifices of the men whose bones had then for the first time been gathered from the field of battle.—Gen. Hathorn spoke as follows:

"At the end of three and forty years we have assembled to perform the sad rites of sepulture to the bones of our countrymen and kindred. But these alone are not sufficient. Policy has united with the gratitude of nations in erecting some memorial of the virtues of those who died defending their country.—Monuments to the brave are mementoes to their descendants;

the honors they record are stars to the patriot in the path of glory. Beneath the mausoleum whose foundation we now lay, repose all that was earthly of patriots and heroes. This honor has been long their due, but circumstances which it is unnecessary for me to recount have prevented an earlier display of this gratitude. Having commanded on that melancholy occasion, which bereft the nation of so many of its brightest ornaments—having been the companion of their sufferings in a pathless desert, and a witness of their valor against a savage foe of superior numbers, I approach the duty assigned me with mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure. May this monument endure with the liberties of our country: when they perish, this land will no longer be worthy to hold within its bosom the consecrated bones of its heroes.”

These noble words, and falling from the lips of the venerable commander, then about eighty years old, and on such an occasion, must have been greatly impressive.

Joseph Brant, the Mohawk Chief, was born in Ohio in about 1742, and died November 24, 1807. He was frequently spoken of as a Shawnee by birth and only a Mohawk by adoption, and it has also been said that he was a son of Sir William Johnson.

Having taken a part in the campaign of Lake George in 1755, and in various subsequent conflicts, he officiated after Sir Wm. Johnson's death as secretary of Col. Guy Johnson, Superintendent-General of the Indians, and when the American Revolution began, he was instrumental in exciting the Indians against the Colonies. His presence at the battle of Wyoming is doubtful, though he took part in that of Cherry Valley and other sanguinary engagements. He was received with great distinction on his tour to England in 1776 and was attached to the military service of Sir Guy Carlton in Canada. He opposed the confederation of the Indians which led to the expedition of Gen. Wayne, and did all he could to prevent peace between the Indians and the United States. He was, however, zealously devoted to the welfare of his own people, and conspicuous for his efforts to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits among them. He was a brave warrior and noted for his ability, as testified by his correspondence.

During his stay in England he collected funds for a church, which was the first one built in Upper Canada. He there also published the “Book of Common Prayer” and the “Gospel of

Mark" in Mohawk and English. He spent the latter part of his life at Burlington Bay, near the head of Lake Ontario, where he built a house for himself on a tract of land conferred upon him by the British Government.

Brant's personal appearance and manners, added to his acknowledged abilities, gave him great power over his followers. His bearing was haughty and his language often insulting. He was tall and rather spare; generally wore moccasins elegantly trimmed with beads; leggings and breach-cloth of superfine blue; a short, green coat with two silver epaulets, and a small round laced hat. His blanket of blue cloth was gorgeously adorned with a border of red.

Now let us turn our thoughts to the events that preceded the battle, and then to the contemplation of the battle itself.

As early as 1757, Lieut.-Gov. DeLancy reported to the General Assembly that the Indians had made incursions into the Counties of Orange and Ulster—Sullivan then being a part of the latter, and murdered some of the inhabitants.

He also reported that in response to repeated applications he had ordered a line of block-houses built, more effectually to secure that part of the County and to *encourage the inhabitants to stay and not abandon their settlement*. He, in the same report expresses fear that after the troops shall have been withdrawn, that part of the County will be destroyed *by the French and their Savages*.

It appears that the settlers consented to and did remain, many of them, only to fall victims to the barbarous cruelty of Savages, Tories and Indians—in the employ of that government which but a few years before had, through its official agents, expressed such interested solicitude for their welfare, and such painful apprehensions that they might be injured by "the French and their Savages."

As we recount these unmitigated outrages of the British Government, if our blood be not stirred, and we do not feel indignant beyond expression, then are we unworthy descendants of the men who fought, that this country might be free from the tyranny of such a government.

In October, 1778, Brant, with a considerable force, crossed over from the Delaware to the Neversink, and down the latter into the Mamakating Valley. The most of the settlers being notified of his approach, succeeded in escaping from their

homes; some taking shelter in the block-houses, or "forts," as they were called. A number, however, were killed, houses and barns were burned, horses and cattle driven away. No effort was made at this time to pursue the invaders, but to guard against the repetition of this outrage Count Pulaski was stationed there with a battalion of cavalry.

In February, 1779, he was ordered with his troops to South Carolina. It is probable that Brant was soon informed that the frontier was again unprotected, and organized a second raid into that region.

He reached the vicinity of what is now called Cuddebackville, near the line of Orange County, on the night of the 19th of July, 1779.

This time his approach was more rapid and stealthy and the knowledge of his presence in the neighborhood, before daybreak the next morning, caused the greatest consternation.

Some succeeded in reaching the block-houses, others took refuge in the woods, while many were cruelly murdered. After burning and plundering at will, Brant marched hastily back, laden with spoils, to Grassy Brook, a small stream which empties into the Mongaup a few miles from the Delaware, where he rejoined a portion of his command which had been left there.

It will be seen by this fact that he had a much larger force than he deemed necessary for the destruction and plunder of the settlement, but he anticipated pursuit and thus guarded against capture and defeat.

The news of this terrible disaster having reached Col. Tusten on the 20th, he at once issued orders to the several officers of his regiment to meet him the next morning with as many volunteers as they could muster, at the "lower neighborhood." About one hundred and fifty officers and men appeared at the time and place named, and early, probably before daybreak, pushed forward under Col. Tusten toward the Neversink.

At the place now called Finchville on the east side of Shawangunk mountain, they had breakfast and were supplied with some provisions for the campaign.

After the long and weary march of that day, following the trail of the retreating foe, they encamped for the night at Skinner's mill, about three miles from the mouth of Halfway Brook.

On the morning of the 22d they were joined by Col. Hath-

orn of the Warwick regiment, with a few men, and he being the senior officer took command.

Advancing to Halfway Brook, now Barryville, they came upon the Indian encampment of the previous night, and it was evident that Brant was near. In order to ascertain his exact position and his contemplated place of crossing the Delaware, Captains Tyler and Cuddeback were sent forward.

Tyler was soon shot, and after a short delay caused by his death, Col. Hathorn advanced, and as soon as he saw the main body of the enemy leisurely approaching the ford, near the mouth of the Lackawaxen (some had crossed and others were crossing with the plunder), he left the Indian trail and turned to the right, intending by a rapid march over these hills to intercept Brant at the ford.

The wily Indian had discovered his pursuers and anticipating their object, marched his forces quickly up this ravine to our left, thereby placing himself in the rear of Col. Hathorn and preventing about fifty of his men, who had fallen behind in the march, from joining him.

And now we have the contending forces in close proximity to each other.

The Americans, numbering about ninety, occupied the small plateau on which we are assembled. The ledge of rocks which you see a little to our right, and extending around to the monument yonder, formed the southerly boundary of the battlefield.

The Indians and Tories came up from the ravine to the left, or northerly from this stand, and extended their line around to the west.

O! What an hour of supreme peril was that for the little Spartan band thus environed by the very jaws of death.

What a scene for us to contemplate, looking back through the vista of an hundred years! Who shall tell us of that day and hour, so fraught with deepest interest to those men and the dear ones they had left at home?

Their voices are hushed in death, and their spirits have returned to the God who gave them. The sun above us is silent—these rocks and hills will not their lasting silence break—the whisperings of the wind through the branches of the trees about us we do not understand, and the mirrored waters of yonder Delaware have not retained the shadows and impressions of that day.

If these mute witnesses could but speak, how gladly would we be silent and listen to their eloquence; grander far than ever fell from human lips.

But we must content ourselves with such information as came from the survivors of that fearful contest, and which now occupy a prominent page in the histories of Orange and Sullivan Counties; to which histories we are largely indebted for the statement of facts contained in this address concerning the battle of Minisink and the events immediately preceding it.*

Brant, realizing the odium that must ever rest upon his name by reason of his inhuman and barbarous treatment of the wounded and helpless who fell into his hands after the battle, attempted to palliate these wrongs by a statement made, many years after, to the effect that before the battle began, he appeared in full view of the Americans, and told them that his force was superior to them, and that if they would surrender he would protect them. That he could then control his warriors, but after blood-shed he could not answer for the result.

Assuming this statement to be strictly true, we do not wonder that Col. Hathorn declined to intrust his command to the tender care of the friends on whose hands the blood of loving mothers and innocent children had scarcely dried. It was the invitation of "the spider to the fly," and I do not hesitate here to express the opinion that if it had been accepted, not one of that band of patriots would ever have escaped to tell a tale of horrors more heart-rending than the history of that day now records.—Brant could then have given his own version of the affair without fear of contradiction.

The history of the Indian character is written in the midnight glare of burning houses, with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, dipped in the blood of women and children.

The battle really began about eleven o'clock, by the Indians advancing from the North, but they were promptly repulsed and held in check while some of the men hastily threw up a sort of breast-work of sticks and up-turned stones, about one hundred and fifty feet from the southerly extremity of the plateau. The location of this defensive line was, but a few years ago, distinctly marked.

*History of Orange County by Samuel W. Eager. History of Sullivan County by James E. Quinlan.

At this juncture Brant's voice was distinctly heard within the American lines, calling upon those of his forces who had crossed the Delaware to return; and soon, thereafter, Hathorn's men, who had been formed into a sort of hollow square, were nearly surrounded. Indians appeared in all directions, but in greatest numbers towards the north and west, and concealing themselves behind rocks and trees, advanced from time to time, as opportunity offered, and thus a running fire was kept up. At every weak point Brant directed his efforts, but without avail. Col. Hathorn, while guarding every point in the line, as far as possible, gave strict orders to his men to reserve their fire until it could be made effective. Thus the ammunition, which was lamentably short, was carefully husbanded. As the day wore on, Brant became disheartened, and was about to abandon the conflict and withdraw from the field, when the death of one of the most effective militiamen, who had for hours successfully guarded a point towards the north-westerly point of the line, and near where Col. Tusten was with the wounded, gave the Indians and Tories an opportunity to break through. Amid deafening yells, they came pouring through this opening in such numbers that further resistance was impossible, and the brave men who for six long hours, without water, under a burning July sun, with insufficient ammunition, had successfully defied an enemy many times outnumbering them, fled from the field soaked with the blood of their comrades. Col. Tusten being, as we have seen, a physician and surgeon, was at this time, as he probably had been during the greater part of the engagement, attending to the necessities of the wounded behind a cliff of rocks. He and the seventeen disabled men under his care, were at once set upon and killed. Others who were wounded, and some who were not, were pursued and dispatched. Some died of their wounds, so that we may safely conclude that not more than thirty of the ninety who were in the engagement, survived.

What became of the fifty men who were isolated from the main force, history does not record. If they were, as it would seem they must have been, within supporting distance, and made no effort to aid their imperiled and suffering brothers, let us hope that the earth opened and swallowed them up.

The loss of the enemy has never been ascertained, but was undoubtedly much greater than ours.

There were others, many miles from the field of battle, who

must not be forgotten on this occasion. I refer to the families of these men.

What has been said of the events of that terrible day is a matter of public history; yet who but God keeps the record of broken hearts, and numbers the falling tears?

If to-day we could read that record, our deepest sympathies would be stirred by the untold anguish of the wives and children that day made widows and fatherless.

ADDRESS BY HON. ARTHUR C. BUTTS OF MONTICELLO, N. Y.

FELLOW CITIZENS: To-day in the fairest village of our sister County of Orange, a mighty throng have assembled around a marble shaft, upon which they read a legend, carved in the enduring stone, that on the 22d July, 1779, the Patriots whose names are there inscribed, fell in a bloody struggle on the distant heights of Minisink, after deeds of mighty valor, and that underneath repose the gathered and precious ashes of the heroic dead. It is well that the last resting-place of those brave men should be among their own kindred, and amid their childhood scenes.

We are standing to-day upon the very spot where those patriots fell. The soil beneath our feet was crimsoned with their blood. These hills, one hundred years ago to-day, looked down and saw the grandest spectacle this earth affords—the death of the patriot who dies for his country. Here they struggled, fought and died; Americans, patriots, heroes every one. Shall we, shall we, on this memorable day, with mournful visage linger near their funeral urn, and drape it with the chaplets of the dead? Ah, no! No tears, no cypress for the patriot dead; for they die not, but live forever. To all men in every age, their lives are an example, their deaths an inspiration. Let us banish every note of woe. Let these hills which heard their death groans, resound with the loud huzzas and acclamations of us their countrymen, proud that it is given to us, after a hundred years have rolled away, to commemorate their valor on the field where it was so gloriously displayed.

We envy not the citizens of Orange that if true manhood, lofty courage and ardent patriotism were here made conspicuous on that eventful day, that the fame and glory belongs to their honored sires. As sons of Sullivan we are content that our soil was consecrated by their blood.

To-day our maids and matrons bring fragrant flowers that bloom among our hemlock hills, and strew them over every spot where those brave heroes fell. They drop their tears for those who died to shield the wives, the daughters and the mothers of that stormy time from the torments of a merciless Indian foe; and as their tears fall upon the flowers, behold, they breathe forth a sweeter perfume and blush with a brighter hue and then from these, with tender hands, they wreath a hero's garland, and lay with reverence on yon monumental pile.

What mortal tongue or pen can fitly chronicle the heroism and fortitude of those gallant men, who fought and died upon this gory field one hundred years ago to-day?

We see them at their fire-sides, in those troubled revolutionary times, when the startling news is brought to them that Brant—the cruel, plundering, murderous Brant—the dusky demon who gloated over his murdered victims amid the smoking ruins of Cherry Valley and Wyoming—that Brant and his treacherous, uncivilized braves were hovering near the peaceful homes which then smiled in this wilderness, leaving blackened ashes and human blood to mark his scourging path. The tocsin of alarm is sounded: “To arms!” “To arms!” they cry; and to the sound of fife and drum, mid the tears of the loved ones they left behind, and followed by their prayers, they marched away to meet and stem the irresistible current, which was demolishing the hearth-stones, and sweeping away the lives of their countrymen in its bloody tide. They marched through the pathless wilderness, and ‘neath a burning July sun, one hundred years ago to-day they met the foe. They fought; they were outnumbered; alas! they were conquered; but not until half their little band lay dead upon this historic field: not until they had accomplished a feat of arms which will blaze forever upon the pages of our history: not until they had illustrated how American patriots could fight and die, when opposed to a hireling savage horde, let loose upon them by the power which sought—thank God! in vain—to crush the independent spirit of American freemen.

Shades of the dead, who died in honor here! Soldiers, heroes, patriots of Minisink! Your gallant deeds, your unselfish sacrifices, your intrepid valor, your immortal deaths are not forgotten and unpriized in this generation by your countrymen.—Assembled here, we honor and revere your memories, and conse-

crate this battle ground, through all time, to your honor and your fame. We mark this spot with a cenotaph, rugged and unpretending, for such in life ye were, quarried by reverent hands from out of these hills, immortalized by your deeds forevermore. The first beams of the morning sun will gild it with splendor and a halo will be shed around it by his evening rays. There let it remain untouched forever, save by the gentle summer breeze and the wild winter storm.

Mrs. Jonathan Corey, aged eighty-three years, was now sitting upon the stand in a chair once owned by Col. Tusten, of whom Mrs. Corey is a relative.

Judge Butts then in polite and appropriate language, presented the aged lady with a beautiful basket of flowers, tastefully and artistically prepared by Mrs. J. W. Johnson, bearing in the center the figures "1779" formed with scarlet flowers.

The Judge also, and in a touching manner, referred to "the old arm chair" of Mrs. Corey and the memories with which it stood connected.

Mrs. Corey, stepping beside the Chairman on the platform, and in full view of the audience, requested from him a public announcement of her gratitude and her acknowledgments for the kindness shown her.

The Chairman then on behalf of the aged lady and in compliance with her request, spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: On behalf of our aged friend Mrs. Corey, I present to you her acknowledgments for the attentions thus extended to her, and likewise for the presentation of this beautiful floral gift, bestowed in a manner so appropriate and polite.

I now hold to your view this relic of ancient days, in the shape of a chair, once owned and used in the family of Col. Tusten, second in command at this battle, and who with seventeen of his faithful followers met death by the tomahawk in Indian hands, beneath yonder ledge whose gray and frowning side stands the enduring witness of the barbaric scenes perpetrated at its base. It bears the unerring marks of the relic it is represented to be, and I hold it to your view with all the reverence and admiration its history demands.

Here too stands the aged possessor of it now, directly san-

guined to that Colonel whose memory we revere, and whose name and deeds we securely treasure in our American hearts.

Although shackled by the burdens which eighty-three years of time have thrust upon her frame, yet animated by that undying flame of patriotism burning within her bosom, she has borne the toil amid the scorching summer sun, to come here to-day, that she with all the others of us might once more tread upon this classic ground, consecrated by the blood of her heroic relative, and to form yet one living connecting link between the present and the historic past.

Fitting to this occasion indeed that she should occupy this chair, upon this platform erected here after the lapse of one hundred years, upon the very scene of the struggle in which her own relative was an actor so prominent, and whereon he so bravely yielded his life—

"The fittest place for him to die
Because he died for man."

A striking incident, fruitful of pride and enthusiasms with Americans all, in common with the lady herself. With us, my friends, because we can embellish with Tusten's name, the history of the country we love. With her, because such illustrious blood courses her veins, and because amid the fast-fading scenes of her life, she can rejoice in her title of American citizen, valuable only from the results of that most grand of National struggles, which the life and the death of her own kindred contributed to produce.

She too like others of us will soon pass away, and may she be happy in her meeting with the noble spirit which fled from this romantic ground a century ago, and hand in hand with him as they shall journey along the course of the stars in spiritual beatitude, recount and only recount their sufferings, their sorrows and their perils past.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. GEORGE H. ROWLAND OF
ROWLAND'S, PENNSYLVANIA.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: 'Tis well that you have assembled here upon this hallowed ground to commemorate the brave deeds of your patriotic ancestors. 'Tis well, fellow citizens, that the descendants of revolutionary ancestors

should ever and anon keep alive the sacred fires of freedom by assembling on the day and in the place where those brave Spartans offered up their lives in defence of their liberties and homes.

'Tis well to stand upon the ground that drank the blood, even unto death, of full one-half of all the brave command who met the Indian horde, led on by the wily Brant on this very plateau, just one hundred years ago to-day. Led on by Brant, I say: yes, he led on by twenty-seven Tories (as history and tradition tell us) who were worse than the barbarous savages themselves: and they again hissed on by British promise of gold, power, and possession of their neighbors' houses and property, as the price of their treason, against the sacred right of liberty, both political and religious.

'Tis well for those who have drawn the sword in their country's cause to now and again take down the old trusty friend, burnish it, and teach the rising generation that liberty was not bought without a price: and if, as in this case, the actual participants have all passed away, 'tis well for their children and grand and great grand-children to do likewise: and gatherings like this are like unto a brightening up of the old blade.

History has failed to do justice to the men who so gallantly offered up their lives on the battle field of Minisink; although a very full account of their sanguinary conflict may be found in the archives at Albany, as reported to the Governor by Col. Hathorn immediately after. From this and tradition it would seem that Brant conceived the idea of exterminating the people of Minisink, which included that section of country where Port Jervis now stands, some twenty-five miles down the Delaware River. Gathering his braves to the number of about one hundred and forty, and some twenty-seven white Tories, he stealthily made his way into the quiet little hamlet of Minisink, on the 20th, at night, or early in the morning of the 21st, murdering every man, woman and child in their way, and burning two saw-mills, one grist mill and the only church in the settlement, which stood on what is now Main Street in the village of Port Jervis. From my best information there were only two buildings left standing in all that thrifty settlement; one a stone house on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware and a similar structure yet standing in what is now called Germantown. They were both built and used as forts, as well as dwellings, were barricaded and defended by the people who fled to them for

protection against the savage horde. On hearing of the slaughter of their neighbors, the brave men of Goshen and vicinity assembled, enrolled themselves under the command of Col. Tusten, and they were again joined by another company under Col. Hathorn, and all marched to Minisink, where they were joined by the few men left in the place, a few also from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and immediately started in pursuit of the savage foe. The Indians and whites encamped some three miles apart on the night of the 21st, about three miles east of this place. Next morning early found our men again in pursuit of the enemy, who was leisurely making his way up the river, and pretending to cross it yonder at my right, about one mile distant at the confluence of the Delaware and Lackawaxen Rivers. According to some accounts, the Indians were surprised by our men, while other and more probable accounts represent Brant as aware of the pursuit, and only pretending to cross the river with his plunder, while he had marched the main body of his men around yonder hill, thus coming in the rear of our men and cutting off their retreat; at the same time forcing them to take their position on this plateau, as you see it, with that perpendicular ledge of some twenty feet in height in their rear and saving them from any danger of an attack from that direction.

That this is the exact spot on which the battle was fought there is no doubt, from the fact that there are men upon the ground to-day who were here when the bones of the slain were gathered and taken to Goshen and interred with imposing ceremonies. Again there are those still living who have visited the ground with men who participated in the battle.

Having lived all my life in this vicinity, I have sought after particulars with some pains.

Some thirty-seven years ago I closed the eyes of Absalom Conklin in death at the age of eighty. He was over fifteen years old at the time of the battle, and he with his father and mother lived just on yonder point at the mouth of the Lackawaxen, where his father had built the first log house in this section and cleared a few acres of land. The old man lived with my father at the time of his death, and never tired telling me how they were compelled to leave their rude home and descend the Delaware River in a canoe on account of the Indians becoming threatening, only a short time before the battle. How they

stopped on the Pennsylvania side of the river, opposite Minisink; how his father joined the militia in pursuit of Brant; how they fought until late in the afternoon of a very hot day without water; when their ammunition became exhausted they were compelled to retreat—his father running to the Delaware at Otter Eddy, swimming the same and making his way back to his family. How they soon moved back; how he had gone to the battle ground with his father and saw the bones of those who died.

Again Brant, who at and after that time held a commission in the British army, on a certain occasion in New York City after peace was declared, gave his version of the battle, in brief, like this:

He said the whites took a position on an elevated plateau with a small round hill on their left (the one you see on my left, no doubt); that before bringing on a general engagement he sent out a white flag, which was met by one from our side; that he rode around yonder hill to the flags and told our men they had better surrender and he would treat them as prisoners of war; that his force was far superior to ours, and if a general battle was brought on he would not be able to restrain his savage warriors; that while thus in parley a bullet came whistling by his side and cut his sword belt; that he then threw himself from his horse, retreated to his men and drew them up for battle. Be that as it may, there is no doubt our men occupied this half acre of ground, with rude breast-works of stone, logs and brush hastily thrown up, running in a semi-circle from the point of yonder rock around by this stand to the top of yonder ledge.

Col. Hathorn in his report to the Governor speaks of Col. Tusten (a practicing physician) establishing a hospital under a high rock in the rear of our line; that he had a number of patients and was also wounded himself.

It is probable when our men broke, the brave Colonel was tomahawked together with his patients, as seventeen skeletons were found bleaching beneath that rock at my right when the bones of the slain were removed to their final resting place at Goshen, Orange County, New York.

This celebration, friends, is truly a success. Such a vast concourse of people was never assembled at Lackawaxen before. To the committee which has had this work in charge, too much praise cannot be given. I am told a committee of five or six

prominent men of Barryville and vicinity have had this whole work in charge, building and grading roads to the top of this high, wild, rocky mountain, at least a thousand feet above the railroad, canal and river; transporting timber therefrom to build all these platforms, stands and seats, bringing cement and even water up this rugged acclivity for the erection of yonder beautiful, unique and appropriate monument, the conception and execution of which was not only artistic but imposing and grand. An hereulean task that would have discouraged men less energetic and patriotic than themselves.

But there it stands, its broad base planted on this vast granite rock, the well-carved lettering upon its sides will tell the passer-by one hundred years hence how men here two hundred years before, had offered up their lives on the altar of their country; and how there were men one hundred years after with enough of gratitude to mark the spot by yonder pyramid. It now points to that Heaven wherein we trust these brave departed spirits have all assembled. Yes, gentlemen and ladies, one hundred years hence yon monumental pile will stand in all its beauty, unless destroyed by earthquakes or sacrilegious arm. Yet I trust some good guardian angel will palsy the Vandalic hand, should one be raised for its destruction.

Let us hope that this our country; the last refuge of liberty, may here forever endure; for alas! should the lamp here go out it may never be relighted.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way—

The first four acts already past;

A fifth shall close the drama with the day,

Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

We have a right to hope for the durability of our country, and while the ladies lend their presence at such gatherings and in such numbers, we, assuredly, will not hope in vain.

ADDRESS BY HON. THOMAS J. LYON OF PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

FELLOW CITIZENS: As I have been unexpectedly called upon to say something on this memorable occasion, without a moment’s preparation, and as I came here to hear and not to speak, my remarks, of necessity, will be disconnected and few. As I have been listening with delight to the speakers who have

preceded me, my mind has been irresistably carried back to the early days of our country—a hundred years back, when upon this spot where now we stand, the best blood of our Revolutionary Fathers was spilled for us and for the liberties we now enjoy. It was a day in the history of our revolutionary struggle which will never be forgotten. It was a period when subjugation stared our little army in the face—when a successful foe lined the banks of your beautiful Delaware, at the base of this mountain, where we now stand, when the enemies of freedom were exulting in the anticipated overthrow of our destitute and almost exhausted army. But the patriotism of a Washington again cheered their drooping spirits, animated anew their enfeebled bodies, and kindled in their bosoms an inextinguishable flame of liberty and love of independence, that nothing could subdue.

There is no need, after what you have already heard, for me to allude in detail to the brave deeds of those whose memories we to-day meet to honor and embalm. Their heroic deeds, their dauntless courage, their zealous patriotism will never be forgotten so long as American hearts live and America is a nation.

The names of Tusten and Hathorn, with their equally heroic comrades of the rank and file, are the inheritance of us all, and we honor ourselves in thus paying our patriotic tribute to their memory. "After life's fitful fever they sleep well"; and here where this lofty peak kisses the clouds, here where the bones lay for years, here where the sunbeams first glow in the morning, it is fitting that a monument to their memory should be erected; it is to meet that we should celebrate their fame.

But in the few moments allotted to me, I cannot forbear saying a few words on a subject beautifully alluded to by your distinguished orator, in relation to the vigilance and fostering care necessary to retain our civil and religious liberty. If you would secure these blessings as an inheritance to your children a hundred years hence, you cannot too strongly guard against corruption in all its forms. My own observation, and a warning voice coming from the sepulchre of many nations, leads me to apprehend that unless we are zealous in this direction, we may yet fall from our high estate. Look at the facts as they now exist around you, and tell me if there is not danger. Consider

the nature and tendency of the means so often employed to defeat the popular will in the choice of our rules.

While men of all parties have united in the cry of bribery and corruption, all have been, to a greater or less extent guilty.

I speak of all parties, and I affirm that notwithstanding the care and vigilance of the real friends of truth and virtue, the right of suffrage has been shamefully abused, the ballot-box has been prostituted, the Constitution and the laws have been violated, the principles of morality and the character of the Nation have been dishonored. Such are the effects of that reckless spirit which, if not restrained and kept within proper bounds, may yet shake the temple of liberty from the foundation to the top stone, and extinguish its sacred flames on American altars.

I apprehend that in these latter days too many of us go for our party, too few for our country. There was a time when our fathers were noted for an inflexible determination to sustain the Constitution and the laws of the land, but I strongly suspect that another and different standard exists in many places and especially in our most populous cities. The individual who will give the most money to secure the success of his party, will occupy the highest place in the estimation of many of the voters of his own political creed. Indeed, the man who can obtain the largest number of votes by political intrigue or deception, is thought by many to possess an enviable distinction. Such a prominence is one that noble minds should scorn.

The man who employs such means to effect the triumph of his party, strikes a daring blow at the institutions of his Country. He is a shameless assassin of virtue and liberty. He would pull down the great pillars of the Constitution, and cast to the winds the scattered pages of his Country's laws.

But I must close. I need not, I cannot speak particularly of the duties which, as individuals, you owe to your Country, but I pray you, see to it, that they are discharged with incorruptible integrity. A great responsibility rests upon us. Our influence will be felt by those who shall come after us. The manner in which we live and act, and improve the privileges we possess, will tend to shape the character and destiny of the rising generation, and if we discharge our whole duty, we shall be a hundred years hence what we now are, a free and independent people.

Away then with that time-serving policy which would live but for the passing hour. We should act with reference to the best interests of humanity, irrespective of personal ease or gratification. It is for us to live for truth and virtue, for liberty and our Country. Thus live and thus act, and America shall be in the future, as in the past, great, prosperous and free.

CHAPTER VII

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF RED JACKET IN HIS OWN DEFENCE—
HE IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY THE COUNCIL.

“Red Jacket is about to depart to the Spirit Land. He has offended the powers of the Council and they have decided he must die. But never let it be said Red Jacket feared death, for he is a brave man.

“His heart is strong. He has no tears to shed. He has done harm to none. He stands under the great black clouds of anger. They are shutting out the light of truth.

“That he has been a friend of his nation, he calls upon the sun, the moon and the stars to witness.

“His nation has joined the customs of the palefaces—the furtraders—against his advice. But the tongue of Red Jacket is not silent. He will speak in his defence.

“The Great Spirit gave these happy hunting-grounds to our fathers, who lie buried beneath the shade of these sturdy oaks. Many great suns have looked down upon them. The snows of many winters have covered them. The Great Father filled the waters with fish, and the forest with game for your meat. He made the cool springs in the valleys for your drink. He called the song-birds together to make music in the treetops for your pleasure.

“You were happy until the white man was seen to alight, like a great white-winged bird in front of your wigwam. He then gave you firewater and made you

drunken, that he might take away your land, that he might possess your furs.

“The palefaces bought land to a certain mountain and claimed miles beyond when they came to possess it.

“Our fathers smoked the pipe of peace in this forest. I call on them as my witnesses.

“Because I have given my voice against the palefaces and their firewater you have bound me with thongs and the war-club is about to descend on my head. But while the great ‘father of waters’ continues to flow, you and your children will mourn over the innocent blood of Red Jacket. You and they will meditate on the truth of his Council.

“He sought to remove from your midst your greatest enemy, that your warriors might be strong in battle, that your chiefs might be wise in council, and that your young men might be swift in the chase.

“He has done his duty. He has given warning against the destruction of his people by firewater, and they have refused to listen to his voice.

“Red Jacket will look on the sun for the last time. He is now ready to depart. His father will meet him and commend him. His tongue will be forever silent. There will be no tears shed over his grave.

“But the dripping dews from the weeping-willow shall perpetuate his memory, and the song-bird of the forest sing praises of his worth.”

(It is needless to say Red Jacket was acquitted.)

EXTRACTS FROM TECUMSEH'S SPEECH.

This great Chief happened to be stamping his feet in anger at the time a great earthquake occurred. Ever afterward when an earthquake shook the Indian wigwams they said, “Tecumseh is stamping his foot,” and

at night when they saw a meteor shoot across the sky they said, "It is the soul of Tecumseh, which cannot rest until the palefaces are driven from his hunting-grounds." He was heard to chide his people with the command: "Lay aside the soft blankets of wool and don the skins of the forest. The Great Father is angry when he hears the noise of your muskets. Put away the thunder of the white man and take up again the bow and the hatchet!"

TRIBUTE TO GEN. JACKSON.

During the Creek war on one of the battlefields, an Indian baby was found clinging to its dead mother. The squaws in the camp said, "Kill the papoose, for all its kin are dead." But the General took the babe to his own tent and mixed some sugar and water and kept it alive until it could be sent to "the hermitage." It there found a home and was loved like a son until he died at the age of seventeen years.

LORD DUNMORE'S VICTORY.

While Lord Dunmore was Governor of Virginia, that Province extended to the Ohio River. During the early part of the Revolutionary troubles, a Cayuga Chief named Logan and his tribe remained neutral, but in May, 1774, a party of land-jobbers were robbed of some horses near the Ohio River, and it was laid to the Indians. The Captain, Michael Cresap, sought revenge by murdering many Indians who evidently had nothing to do with the theft. They in turn began retaliation by attacking the pioneers on the frontier, burning their buildings and murdering many white people. Lord Dunmore sent Gen. Lewis with 3,000 Provincial troops who attacked the red warriors at the confluence of the

Kanhawa and Ohio Rivers, and the Indians were severely defeated in what is known as the "battle of Kanhawa," after which they were forced to sign a treaty of peace.

Logan refused to attend the conference, but addressed a speech by the mouth of Col. Gibson to Lord Dunmore.

LOGAN'S DEFENCE.

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the last and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed to my wigwam as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.'

"I had ever thought to have lived with you but for the injury of one man—Capt. Cresap. The last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, he murdered all the relations of Logan; not even sparing his woman and children. There runs not a drop of his blood in any living creature.

"This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance.

"For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace, but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

"Logan will no longer oppose making peace with the white man. You are sensible. He never knew what fear is—that he never turned his back in the day of battle.

"No one has more love for the white man than I have. The war we have had with them has been long and bloody on both sides. Rivers of blood have run on both

sides, and yet no good has come to any. I once more repeat it, 'Let us have peace with those men.'

"I will forget our injury; the interests of my country demand it. I will forget, but difficult, indeed, is the task. I will forget that Capt. Cresap, cruelly and inhumanly, murdered, in their canoes, my wife, my children, my father, my mother and all my kindred.

"This roused me to deeds of vengeance. I was cruel in spite of myself. I will die content if my country is once more at peace.

"But alas! when Logan shall be no more, who will drop a tear to the memory of Logan?"

PURCHASING THE MINISINK BATTLEFIELD.

The Minisink Valley Historical Society of Port Jervis has purchased six acres which comprise the Minisink battlefield of the Revolutionary War, for the purpose of preserving it in its natural state to their posterity. This society deserves great praise for what they have already accomplished in rescuing from oblivion so much of the interesting and instructive history of the Colonial period of our State.

The collection of relics and mementoes in the form of public records, books, etc., which they are preserving in a fireproof vault, built in connection with the Free Library building of Port Jervis, can scarcely be surpassed by the historical societies of any State.

They erected a monument in 1896 at Cuddebackville Cemetery to Benjamin Eaton, who was one of Washington's bodyguard and a resident of the Minisink Valley.

(From the Port Jervis Evening Gazette, July 23, 1890.)

The second annual mid-summer meeting of the Minisink Valley Historical Society at Caudebec Park, Tuesday, was even more of a success than that which we were privileged to chronicle last year.

To commence with, the weather was most propitious and the descendants of the Huguenots and the Hollanders beheld the lands of their forefathers under the most favorable circumstances.

The first train, of seven cars, left the Main street depot precisely on time and rolled up the valley of the Neversink without accident or incident of an unhappy nature. In that train were many whose ancestors had been residents of this valley for generations in years gone by; had traversed this now happy and peaceful valley terror-stricken at the dreaded alarm of "The Indians are coming!" Hatless and coatless, in their brawny arms clasping their long flintlocks, peering into wood and thicket for stealthy ambuscades, dreading yet expecting the war-whoop and the gleam of the glistening tomahawk in the hands of a stealthily red-skinned brave, they fled with their weeping families swiftly yet noiselessly through fields blue with flax or waving with broom corn, to the forts scattered among the long separated settlements. Such were the scenes of long ago. Now the scythe sweeps over the graves of the sleeping red men, thicket and wood have given place to wide and fertile fields, and the war-whoop rings no more in the ear of brave men or weeping women.

Extended as may be the train of thought induced by the ride to Caudebec Park, the ride itself is a short one, and the whistle of the engine soon wakes the slumbering echoes in the hills about Cuddebackville.

The cars are quickly unloaded and the silent monu-

ments in the cemetery on the hill where "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" look down on another but peaceful invasion of this historic ground. Those who compose this party are habituated to the sober mien which comes with years and there is little straggling till the Park is reached.

Dinner was the next and most natural step in the proceedings of the day, and while baskets were unloaded and tables selected, those who were unemployed lounged lazily under the tall trees or strolled in social conversation to and fro.

The grave and reverend seigniors grouped themselves on the platform and attended to the brief but interesting business meeting.

Dinner was on the respective tables at the time appointed and from the looks of the laden baskets one would have appreciated for a time the privileges of a busy bee.

Up at the hotel, Landlord Levi Cuddeback and a corps of assistants in cool-looking white and light-colored costumes, ministered to the wants of successive tables full of hungry guests, with every good thing which the season produced.

Trains from Summitville and Port Jervis brought in additional hundreds, and carriages and wagons of all sizes added their mickle to the muokle, till at the beginning of the literary exercises the seats on the platform were all well filled and groups of congenial spirits had appropriated all the shaded spots within the sound of the speakers' voices.

ADDRESS BY C. E. CUDDEBACK.

In 1861 an estimate was made by Peter E. Gumaer, Esq., author of the "History of Deerpark," of the increase of the population from the original settlers of that town. He states

that his enumeration was carefully made from his own knowledge down to the third generation to which generation he belonged, and upon a slightly diminished rate of increase for the succeeding generations. As a result of his investigation, he concluded that the number of families of such descendants then on the stage of action, was not less than 3,200.

A new generation has come upon the scene since that calculation was made, and upon the same ratio of increase which he adopted, the number of families must now be not less than 10,000, and the actual living descendants of the first settlers of the town of Deepark, not less than 50,000; a number nearly sufficient to form the population of a new State. Those now in this valley, and the contiguous neighborhoods, are but a handful compared with the multitude scattered through all the States and Territories.

An illustration is found in the family whose name I bear, and whose numbers remaining in the valley are perhaps greater than of any other family of the original stock. Jacob Cuddeback, the patentee, had five sons and eleven grandsons, yet all of the name now residing in this town or anywhere in this vicinity, have descended from but two of his grandsons, Abraham and Benjamin, and many even of their descendants have found homes in distant places.

The emigration from this vicinity commenced about one hundred years ago, soon after the close of the Revolutionary war.

It was at first directed principally to the fertile military lands of central New York, and the settlers by emigration, sought to do as their fathers had done, endeavor to improve the condition of themselves and their families by locating in less crowded districts.

It was at that time, a long six weeks' journey through the wilderness, performed slowly over hard roads and through gloomy forests with ox-teams and prairie schooners. The whole district in the vicinity of Owasco and Skaneateles Lakes, was thus colonized by emigrants from this section. The settlers carried with them the habits and faith of their fathers, and in due time a church of their denomination was erected among them.

Notwithstanding this exodus, by reason of which many who might claim kinship with us, and a right to participate in this celebration are absent, the Minisink Valley was not depopulated

of its ancient stock. It is no collection of strangers to the blood of the Huguenot and the Hollander, who have assembled to do honor to this occasion. The bottom lands of the Never-sink and of the Delaware, are still for the most part in the possession of the descendants of those who were attracted to them when still they were covered with the coarse grass of the prairie, and we, their descendants, cherish a pardonable pride in recalling the heroism, the endurance, the lofty devotion to principle and the patient perseverance of those into the fruit of whose labors we have entered. For nearly a hundred years, theirs was a frontier settlement. Exposed to the attacks of savage Indians, at times friendly, and then without cause, hostile, not only against them, but against hostile claimants under New Jersey titles, were they obliged to defend their possessions. No right except the ability to defend was recognized by their assailants, and for a long time the contest was one of physical supremacy.

Far away from markets, they traveled over rough roads, usually on foot, sometimes on horseback, and in lumber wagons or sleds. Their farming implements were of the rudest and simplest construction: manufactured as was their clothing, principally from the productions of their own fields and by the labor of their own hands. Their toil was of the severest and longest, and abounded in hardships from which we shrink even in the recital.

Gumaer's little volume, in its account of the daily life of these settlers, of their privations, of their perseverance, of their industry and of their habits, tells a tale which should fill us with admiration; and not in the least for their devotion to the moral and spiritual welfare of themselves and their children. In their poverty and in their labors, they did not forget their fathers' God, and the duties which they owed to him. Theirs was a religious community. In the earliest times, and before the organization of their church, and afterwards in the intervals when they were without the services of a minister, reading services were maintained, and among the items of expenditures for the church on one occasion we find 1£ 12s for two volumes of Davies Sermons. This and the selection of a young man from their number, and educating him at the common expense, that he might subsequently become their minister; his return and service among them for fifteen years, tells a tale of simplicity

and sincerity and honesty, which is refreshing in these later times.

As might have been expected, the war of the Revolution found the inhabitants of the valley, almost to a man on the side of popular rights and against the oppressions of the mother country. The most of the present town of Deer Park was then included in the precinct of Manakating. John Young, President of the Committee of that town, reported that the Revolutionary Pledge sent out by the Provincial Convention, to all the precincts and counties of the State, for signatures, had been unanimously signed by all the freeholders and inhabitants of the precinct. All of its leading men, were members of the Committee of Safety: of their bravest and best young men, some went out to the conflict with the British invaders and the Indians, never to return. Three of the residents of the town, Jacob R. Dewitt, Abraham Cuddeback and Abraham Westfall, carried Captains' commissions in the defence of their country.

In the peaceful years which have elapsed, since that great struggle, not much opportunity has been given for the display of those great qualities of leadership which great crises call out. The descendants of the early settlers have perhaps, with diminished zeal, followed in the path of their ancestors. We may safely say that no more peaceful, honest, and industrious or honorable farming community exists than that which has continued to occupy the Minisink Valley. We do not claim that among them are to be found any great soldiers or statesmen who have excited the world's admiration, but what we do say is this:—and upon such persons depends, after all, the happiness of communities and of commonwealths, that they have supplied a succession of men who, in private station, in furtherance of public interests, as officers of the church, in the discharge of their duties in the various offices of town and county administration, and occasionally in Legislative Halls, have worthily filled the duties of their day and generation. Their name and memories we revere and honor.

SPEECH BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE MINISINK VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

It affords me peculiar satisfaction to meet you to-day, on

ground so historic, and on an occasion of such thrilling interest—to participate with you in the festive celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the settlement of this valley.

Your hearts must throb with joy and thankfulness. The day is well chosen, it being also the 111th Anniversary of an event to be commemorated by the people of this region of country forever.

The 4th of July belongs to the whole Nation. On that day the men of the Revolution put down in black and white and published to the world the principles upon which this free government was established. Every boy in the land from Maine to California is entitled to burn his fingers and scorch his eyebrows for his country's glory.

But the 22nd of July, may be said especially, to belong to the people of Sullivan and Orange and Sussex and the sections contiguous. You have wisely arranged to use this day to show to the rising generation what stamp of men they were who settled in this valley—their hardy frames, their patient endurance of privations, their stalwart virtues, their heroic sufferings, that their posterity might enjoy what under a gracious Providence has been secured to them.

The battle of Minisink was waged against vast odds—under great disadvantage of position—under the scorching rays of a whole day's mid-summer sun, without food or water. To be sure it was disastrous, in one sense, to the patriots who fought it, yet it inscribed their names on a scroll of honor, which will cause them to be held in everlasting remembrance.

This society has a grand mission and is nobly fulfilling it. You are reviving names which ought never be permitted to die. You are searching out the manly characteristics of the fathers, which may well be imitated by your children. You are putting on record thrilling events, and marking the places where they occurred so plainly that they can never be lost. You are tracing out by means of ancient documents and reliable traditions, the progress of the people in domestic comforts and public morals and religious privileges and agricultural improvements, as well as in matters mechanical, educational and professional.

You have undertaken to put all this in permanent form for the benefit of those who come after you.

I have come from my distant home purposely to congratulate you Mr. President, and your co-laborers, on the fidelity

and enthusiasm in which you are doing your work and the magnificent success which has attended your efforts in the short period of your existence as a Society. Similar organizations in different parts of the country have heard of your success and are rejoicing in your prosperity.

Your undertaking was not begun a moment too soon. Much that would have been of intense interest to posterity has already been irrevocably lost. But so much of the past, can yet be reached and preserved, which a few more years of neglect would consign to oblivion, that you have every inducement to push on your inquiries.

Your motto is a grand one, and could not be more expressive of your work "*Et patribus, et posteritate*"; concerning both the fathers and the children.

The value of the past to the present and the future, begins to be appreciated. Its influence upon character, upon institutions, upon inventions, upon discoveries—nay, upon everything that pertains to human progress. We are stimulated by that which is good, and warned against that which is bad.

We are now amazed at the general indifference which formerly prevailed with regard to the generations which have gone before us. Some of us seemed content to remain wholly ignorant of our progenitors. There are scores of men now who know nothing even of their grand-parents—where they lived, what they did, or where they were buried. They are fortunate to be able even to tell you their names.

Many of the old grave-yards have gone into forgetfulness and decay. Moss and brambles, and upheaving frosts have been permitted to destroy precious memories. Names and dates, which would have been valuable to the present age, have been undecipherable.

Important documents, full of history have been counted as rubbish—stuffed into old barrels and conveyed to the garret. Ultimately they fell into the hands of the boys, with which to make a bon-fire to celebrate a Democratic or Republican victory; or else they were given to the rag-man in exchange for a tin whistle or a Christmas horn or other jim-cracks—old books of rare type and rarer contents have gone the same way. Even the old family Bible with its metal tipped cover and clasps, its crude pictures, and its precious records, was carelessly thrown into a heap of rubbish; and replaced with some-

thing that glittered more, but was read less. In many instances old church records, invaluable, have gone up in smoke.

There has never been anything more destructive of neighborhood history than house-cleaning. I am sorry to confess, that in my boyhood I took a hand in this kind of unholy vandalism.

We must not blame the women, good souls! It was born in them, at least twice a year, to haul out the rubbish, and scrape things clean. They had no Historical Societies in those days to take charge of what was to them a terrible nuisance.

A wonderful change has come over us in this regard within the last twenty-five or thirty years. Intelligent men have woken up to the value of the past.

Great learning and vast sums of money are now expended in exploring expeditions. They are exhuming the old, long buried cities—deciphering the hieroglyphics of the obelisks—diving into the catacombs—revealing the secrets of libraries where the books were made of bricks—searching the tablets and monuments of Palestine and Egypt, and Rome, and Greece. Even Nineveh and Babylon have been compelled to disgorge their secrets. The treasures of the past are everywhere unlocked, and made to deliver up the knowledge they contain for the benefit of the future.

Historical societies have called a halt to the destruction of history. They are gathering up and preserving in their archives what remains for the enlightenment of the future. We welcome back "Old Mortality" to our grave-yards that he may chisel afresh, and render legible, the time-worn inscriptions, giving us the names and births and deaths and virtues and works of the fathers.

The relics of the past are now accorded the sacredness to which they are entitled. We even bring the old spinning wheel from the garret (if it has not gone already into kindling wood), and garnish it for a place in the parlor. We can look at it with pride and reverence, though we don't know exactly how the old thing worked.

Grandfather's tall clock is rejuvenated and brightened with gilt and counted as good as a fortune.

There have been men in various communities, men of rare forethought and intelligence and observation, who dotted down the important events of their day, together with the prominent

actors connected with them. Their records of the men and women of their time are invaluable to us.

Blessed among you be the memory of Peter Gumaer. He deserves a grand and imperishable monument.

The Minisink Valley Historical Society could not have done a better thing than it has done—in according to that noble man the honor of which he is worthy—putting his writing in permanent form to be read and admired throughout the country.

The Cuddebacks and Swartwouts, and Gumaers and Van Ettens, and Van Vliets, and Van Gordons, and Van Inwegens, and Van Aukens (and all the other Vans), as well as the Dewitts and Coles, and DePuys, and Terwilligers, and Kuykendalls, and Deckers, and Hornbecks, and Westfalls, and Cortwrights, and Schoonovers, and Westbrooks—and everybody else, ought to keep that author's name and character, and works in everlasting remembrance.

I have perused that book with profound admiration, both of the writer and the contents. I regard it a great misfortune that the Talmage name does not once occur between the lids. I do not ask you, Mr. President, to print another edition for the purpose of supplying the omission, but you will permit me to show you that my family name would have been there but for a sad dispensation of Providence which caused the removal of my progenitors from the lower part of this valley in 1780. They lived in Montague in Revolutionary times, taking a very active part in the defense of this region against the bloody invasions of the Indians and refugees. If you ever have opportunity to print Judge Clark's account of the relation of the men of Sussex to the people of this valley, the Talmage name will no doubt have a place in the book.

My great-grandfather (Thos. Talmage), was advanced in years, but managed to take some care of his farm while his sons were away with their muskets. My own grandfather, then (Thos. Talmage Jr.), was a young man who lived with his father on a farm located, as he describes it, "on the West Branch of the Pepper Cotton, about two miles above Westbrook's Mills" (wherever that may be). My grandfather was a very smart young man. He had a splendid little wife before he was twenty years old, and a fine baby before he was twenty-one, and twelve more children afterward. He beat his father in that respect, for the old man, though he had two wives, yet only

had eleven children all told. My own father, David Talmage, kept up the reputation of the family by giving twelve children to the world. My grandfather came of age in the stirring times of 1776. He, with an older brother, was enrolled with the militia, and was often in camp with your fathers waiting the attacks of the Indians. He was the orderly sergeant of his company and faithfully warned out his comrades when notified by his commander to gather them at the rendezvous, because "the Indians were coming." In June, 1778, he records that he was "on the fields" with his company some twelve days, daily expecting an attack. They were dismissed to their homes, but in July there was another call. With a burning fever upon him he threaded his way through the wilderness on horseback, to warn out his company, but became unconscious by the way, and was brought home by the instinct of his horse—was lifted from the saddle in delirium, and was in a dying condition for nearly three months, with what was then called the "long fever," afterwards the typhus. His father and three sisters were smitten with the same malady, and though the old man recovered, the sisters, aged fourteen, seventeen and twenty-one respectively, within three months were buried in a grave-yard near Westbrook's Mills. My grandfather Providentially escaped the fate of many of his neighbors in the dreadful struggle of those times. His oldest brother, however, was with the men of Minisink, and laid his body with theirs on the fatal battle of July 22, 1779, a testimony to his fidelity to his country in the days of her peril. Some of you are doubtless aware that Talmage blood mingled with the blood of your fathers near Lackawaxen. You have read my uncle Daniel's name with those of his comrades on the monument at Goshen.

The family became so disheartened by the misfortunes that befell them, that in 1780 they sold out and returned to the region whence they had come; though Daniel left a widow and four sons in Sussex, and from them have doubtless descended the Talmages of that county. This grandfather, whom I well remember for I was a good deal with him in my early boyhood (I was thirteen years old when he died), was a sort of Peter Gumaer.

A carpenter by trade—having erected a number of prominent buildings in his time, one of which was the Court House at Somerville in 1798. Yet for the most of his life he was a plain

farmer, but made much use of his pen. Of course in those days only comparatively few writings were published. It is only lately that I became informed that many of his manuscripts both in prose and verse have been preserved. Their literary ability has astonished me. I have no doubt that much of the contents of his garret, went the way of all garrets. But the records of his own and his father's family, births, residences, deaths and places of burials are marvelously minute and are proved to be correct all the way to 1829 only five years before his death. Now you need not put this and that together and figure out my age for I am a young man yet. By one of his MSS. I lately went to the Presbyterian church yard of New Brunswick and found the graves of my great-grand parents—whose names and places of interment I had never known before—although they had lain there since 1785 and '90 and I had passed near them one hundred times while in college and the Theological Seminary of that city.

One of his papers penned in 1814 gives an account of what he terms "The extraordinary Providences which happened to me in the course of my life." He says he wrote them out for the benefit of his children, he being then sixty years of age and in a feeble state of health and anticipating that his dissolution was near at hand though he lived nearly twenty years longer. Many of the incidents he noted down are of public interest and may yet be of profit to some Historical Society.

Such men are valuable in their generation and their methods ought to stimulate us to put on paper for posterity our experiences and the notable events of our respective neighborhoods.

Mr. President, you will pardon my apparent egotism in appropriating so much time which might have been better occupied.

I thank the audience for indulging me so long and hearing me so patiently.

My apology for this protracted speech is my kinship with the people of this valley as a natural inheritance from my ancestors and the delightful memories connected with my nearly ten years residence among you.

May the revived associations and the grand festivities of this day unite our hearts more closely together as citizens of a common civil heritage and give decided impetus to the work (achievements) of the Minisink Valley Historical Society.

The following is the full text of the interesting speech of Hon. Hiram C. Clark, of Sussex County, N. J., delivered at the Bi-Centennial celebration of the Settlement of the Minisink Valley, at Caudebec Park, on the 22nd of July:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When your honored Secretary, Dr. Cuddeback, wrote me in reference to this celebration, he stated, as I remember it, that I was expected to represent in part, the lower Minisink, or Delaware Valley, or more especially the townships of Montague, Sandyston and Walpack, in Sussex County, N. J. I am happy, Mr. President, in having the pleasure of greeting you to-day, and with you joining in the festivities of this bi-centennial.

I would much prefer speaking extemporaneously, but fearing that under the inspiration and enthusiasms of the occasion, I might possibly become imbued with the guilt of continuance, I have hastily committed to paper the words that I would speak to-day, and sincerely trust that I shall not weary you.

My theme is "Montague, Sandyston and Walpack, and their relations to the Minisink Valley and Port Jervis." The business and social relations of the lower Delaware Valley, embraced in these townships and the Minisink Valley, have been closely identified with each other as far back as we have any history. The construction of the "Old Mine Road," more than 200 years ago, which extended from the Water Gap, on the Delaware, through the townships of Walpack, Sandyston and Montague, to Esopus, now the city of Kingston, on the Hudson, was the first link in the chain that bound these valleys together, and 100 years afterwards, during those troublesome times with the Indians, that tried men's souls, this bond of union was cemented by the blood of the brave men, who fell in both valleys, while defending their wives and children from their merciless and common foes.

While Major Swartwout and Captain Cuddeback were fighting the Indians in this historical valley, Colonel Abram Van Campen, Capt. Johannes Westbrook, Capt. Abram Shimer, Capt. James Bonnell and their brave comrades, were fighting the same, or other hostile bands, in the lower Delaware Valley. Half a century later when Port Jervis became the commercial center of this whole valley, the business relations between the

farmers of Walpack, Sandyston and Montague, and the merchants of Port Jervis, assumed greater proportions and have continued in constantly increasing amount until the present day.

The names of the Farnums, the Conklings, and the St. Johns were familiar to every school boy and girl in the lower Delaware Valley, forty or fifty years ago, because it was to them that their fathers sold the products of their farms, and from them they purchased in exchange such general merchandise as their needs required.

These townships, described by your historian, Peter E. Gumaer, as the "lower neighborhood," are also historic ground, both in local reminiscences and in public history. The township of Walpack was the home of Judge Timothy Symmes, and the birth place of John Cleve Symmes, Jr. Judge Symmes presided in Sussex Common Pleas from 1777 to 1791, succeeding his brother John, who also resided in Walpack, and resigned the position of Judge to accept an appointment on the bench of the Supreme Court. Maria, a daughter of Judge Symmes, was the wife of President William Henry Harrison, and the grandmother of his excellency, Benjamin Harrison, our present Chief Magistrate. Here too, in 1737, Rev. George Wilhelm Mancius organized one of the four Reformed Dutch churches, of the Minisink Valley; the Walpack church situated in the bend of the Delaware River and on the "Old Mine Road," before referred to, and is the same spot upon which the present Reformed church now stands.

The township of Sandyston was made historical because of the fact, that within her boundaries there were committed some of the most horrible Indian atrocities in the Delaware Valley. Here lived the brave Captain Johannes Westbrook on the farm owned by the late Jacob Westbrook, Esq., and who erected thereon a stone dwelling house, which was also used as a fort, and in which were numerous port-holes, from which they could fire upon an approaching enemy.

Montague is also rich in historical reminiscences. It was the home of Captain Shimer, Captain Bonnell and Captain Peter Westbrook—the latter falling a victim to Indian atrocities in 1779. In later years it was the birthplace and home of that distinguished statesman and journalist, the late ex-Gov. Wm. Bross, of Illinois. Here, too, in 1737, was organized the Re-

formed Dutch Church of Minisink, and in this township is located the famous Minisink Island, in the Delaware River, from which possibly your Historical Society takes its name; nor is this all; in still later years some of the best blood and brain of the successful men of your growing city of Port Jervis has come to you from the farm homes of Montague, Sandyston and Walpack. They have furnished to you laborers, mechanics and brainy business men; they have furnished to you merchants and editors, lawyers and judges, bank presidents and doctors, while that noble institution, the "Hunt Memorial Hospital," will long remain as an enduring monument to a Sandyston boy. They have furnished to some of your young men excellent wives and sweethearts; to some of your young ladies excellent husbands and homes, and last, though not least, they have furnished that many-sided business man, the present Mayor of your rival city of Tri-States, the Honorable William A. Drake. But more than all this they have furnished for your own city of Port Jervis, one, or two, of the best Mayors you have ever had, in the persons of my distinguished friends, Honorable William H. Nearpass, and the Honorable Abram Shimer.

Without controversy, therefore, Mr. President, great are the townships of Montague, Sandyston and Walpack; great are the rival cities of Tri-States and Port Jervis, and one of the greatest and grandest organizations of them both is the Minisink Valley Historical Society.

Mr. President; may I be indulged in a brief personal reminiscence? While for more than twenty years I have been a resident of the town of Newton, the Delaware Valley has to me tender recollections and associations. It was the land of my birth, and the home of my father and mother, and in that beautiful valley for many long years have they been quietly resting and sleeping, on the grassy banks of the Delaware Valley, and that old Reformed Dutch Church, of Minisink was my father's church home, and there, away back in the days of my childhood, I listened to the first gospel sermon that I ever heard from the lips of the devoted Christian minister, Rev. Cornelius E. Elting, whose memory I revere to-day. A few years later, when left an orphan, I found a happy and hospitable home, for four years, in that same valley, with one who was for many years one of your best citizens, and his amiable companion, who was to me as kind and good as a mother. One year ago to-day that

friend, and benefactor cordially grasped my hand, in this beautiful grove, bade me welcome to the festivities of that celebration and sat by my side on this platform: but to-day, he too is quietly resting and sleeping in your city of the dead, on the bank of that same Delaware River, near which he was born eighty years ago.

Mr. President, I reverence the memory of Amos Van Etten and commend to the young men to-day his life and character as worthy of emulation.

I thank you Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Committee, for the privilege of looking in your faces and joining in the festivities of to-day, on this historical spot. I extend to you the cordial greetings of your sister County of Sussex and close with the hope and expectation that in the years that are to come, your beautiful city of Port Jervis, and the Minisink Valley Historical Society, will continue to prosper as in the past, and the young men of to-day, and those that follow them, will emulate your example in maintaining this organization and thereby perpetuate the memory of the heroic dead of the Minisink Valley for all future time.

ADDRESS OF REV. A. A. HAINES.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The American people are soon to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of this continent by Columbus. The memorable voyage of 1492 revealed a new world to civilized nations and made the records of modern history far different from what they otherwise would be. We can scarcely estimate the influence of the landing of Columbus upon society and upon the world's progress. And if a great historical event deserves recognition, few have greater importance.

Halfway back between the coming of the great discoverer and our own times, took place the event we are now commemorating. The settlement of this then secluded valley has had its influence in shaping the great facts of American history. For two hundred years after the continent was revealed this region remained unchanged, its primeval forests undisturbed save by the wild beasts which abounded in them and the red hunters who regarded this as their very Paradise. They shot the deer, killed the wild fowl, and drew the abundant fish from the waters. The smoke

which curled beneath the mountain shadows came only from their wigwams. Settlements had been made along the seaboard in many places in the early part of the seventeenth century, but Minisink must wait until the century draws near its close, before the first settlers arrive with their families, coming on foot along the great Indian trail that leads from the Hudson River to the Delaware.

Some have called the rifle the precursor of civilization in wild unsettled regions. But rather may we take the woodman's axe as the true emblem. There is no civilization until the giant trees of the forest are made to lower their heads, fields are cleared and cabins erected. The rifle may be an improvement upon all Indian weapons, but never until the axe swings, is the work begun of reclaiming a district of country from barbarism. The coming of the little company who settled in Peenpack was the earliest dawn of civilization here.

I am glad that you have assumed a date no further back than two hundred years, for I have little confidence in the traditions of an older settlement of the Minisink Valley.

The four centuries from Columbus's discovery to our own times are each marked by their peculiarities. Thus the sixteenth century was especially that of discovery, when the Cabots discovered New Foundland and coasted as far down as Florida; Cortez conquered Mexico; Balboa Central America, and Pizarro overran Peru, the Portuguese seized on Brazil and the French claimed Canada.

The seventeenth century is characterized by the forming of the settlements in which we are more specially interested, when the Protestant countries of Europe sent their colonies and established them at points along the coast from Massachusetts on the north, to the Carolinas on the south.

Then the eighteenth century beheld the growth of these colonies, until they became thirteen Provinces, then thirteen States of the American Union. In this century was nurtured the lovers of freedom who possessed that sturdy character which marked the men of the Revolution and has given us the noblest examples of patriots and citizens. That was the century formative for men and character which delivered us from the Yoke of Britain, and with the ending of the Revolution, established our independence.

The nineteenth century has been one of Constitutional Govern-

ment, under which our Republic has grown to become the mighty Nation it now is. Doubling every twenty-five years, we have grown from 3,000,000 to 65,000,000, and by the strides of progress we are making will soon be unsurpassed by any Nation of the globe. As we gaze on the National map, with its forty-four States, our hearts swell with admiration, and we bless God that America is the land of our birth and our home. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage. From the favored position we now occupy we may gaze back upon these two centuries closing, and pronounce them to be wonderful in the highest achievements of men. The first was formative, ending with the wondrous gain, for ourselves and for humanity, of a Republic on a grand scale, whose Government was for the people and not the benefit of some royal family. For a whole century we have been a living protest against the tyranny of kings and proclaiming that a great people may be happy and prosperous without a human sovereign. The world is growing better through the influence that American example exerts. That good will never perish. The world cannot go back to the old ideas of the divine right of kings. No soul that has nurtured into being some great thought has existed in vain. No brave arm that has parried the blow of tyranny has been uplifted uselessly. The broken shackles can never be placed again on the limbs of the slave, but when progress is made it stands forever. The little rills of influence, which had their origin in secluded neighborhoods and remote years, have become the mighty stream that must yet bear down every system of oppression and evil. Under the shadow of these mountains the youths of a past century developed into men, and learned their highest lessons from the forests and from God. Cities could never have produced them—these yeoman of the land, who owned the soil and cultivated it with their own hands. Small events become mighty in their results. The little rivulet as it continues its flow becomes the unchecked river. The old Indian trail and the footway of the settler are made the wide public highway or give place to the railway with its engines and swift moving trains. The past has its influence upon the present, as the present will upon the future. As we go onward we feel the pressure of by-gone days, as well as the attractions of the hereafter glory our hearts anticipate. The gathered strength of the years behind is ours to-day. While we emulate the virtues of

our ancestors, we have ten-fold advantages above them to plan and do, and in proportion to all our opportunities must we live for God and our fellow men.

The pioneers who came two hundred years ago sleep beneath the shadow of the mountain. Theirs is the long and peaceful sleep of men who acted well their part. Their dust is holy, their names are honored, and we owe to them a debt of gratitude for all they did for us. They labored and we have entered into their labors. They sowed the harvest and we are reaping the benefits. Are they permitted from the spirit world to look back and behold the scenes of to-day? Then may they and we rejoice together—they who planted and we who are reaping the fruits of their toil. Could they forecast the future? They anticipated all this which our eyes have seen. Their hearts may never have thrilled with the jubilation of triumphant success. Yet they saw the victory from afar, and started the march of events which turned the wilderness into a fruitful field, and the Indian hunting grounds into the homes of a teeming population. They were men of faith, they had love to God, and for their religion's sake had been exiled from their homes: but here, on this new continent, they claimed the land for Jesus and felt the guiding hand of Providence. God was sustaining them, and using them for his own great and wondrous purpose. We cannot believe that all this was unperceived by them. They lived, they died, by dying like Moses on Pisgah's top with eye not dim nor their natural force abated. Moses saw all the goodly land and Lebanon, and from Gilead to the utmost sea. We cannot say our pilgrim fathers who came from England, Holland and France, for freedom to worship God, conceived all the greatness of this Republic stretching from ocean to ocean, yet the mighty kingdom was in their hearts and they believed that God would save the world through America.

We have exceeded the fondest hopes whichever our ancestors entertained, but the future of our land, the future will as much exceed all the past and all the present. Glories untold await the young men of our favored land. They have come to the kingdom at such a time as this when opportunities the most magnificent are presented to us, and the avenues of usefulness and goodness are open on every side. Attainment is within the grasp of their arms, and the full securing of all to which a sanctified ambition prompts them. May the pious spirit which

filled the breasts of our ancestors pervade the whole American Nation and then shall it be said of us, "Happy the people whose God is the Lord. The Lord shall be our God, and we shall be his chosen heritage and a holy generation."

ADDRESS BY J. H. VAN ETTEN.

The following is the address of J. Hixon Van Etten, Esq., of Milford, Pa., delivered at Caudebec Park, July 22, at the Bi-Centennial celebration of the settlement, by the Hollanders and Huguenots, of the Minisink Valley:

Involuntarily we begin making history with our earliest breath. The very fact of our existence changes the currents of some life, animates some mind with new thoughts and aspirations, and restrains, while it kindles, other desires and ambitions. A mere figment of the imagination—a word casually spoken, or omitted—a slip of some pen, and a new impress is stamped on the generation and goes deepening and widening down through time. Jacob Jansen and the good Fraulein, Annetje Adriance, soon to be Frau Jansen, when they stood before the Dutch Dominie, had little thought of the result of that union—beyond the sharing of each others joys and sorrows—the better and the worse of the present, or that within five years their offspring, Jacob, would, by baptism, accidentally, or some freak, or momentary design, become the founder of a new name, and place a descendant in the predicament you now see him, 225 years afterwards.

Upon such a slender thread hangs the fact that I humbly represent one of the oldest settlers of this Minisink Valley.

It is not my purpose to trace the wanderings of my ancestors or to point out the places they inhabited or the deeds for which they were conspicuous. However interesting this might be to their immediate descendants, I do not forget that there are many here who can also point to renowned ancestry and trace through many generations, a vein of valor and of humor. The historian dealing with cold facts traces the course of the past and gives just estimate to the virtues of all.

We sometimes cherish traditions handed from father to son roseate with tinges of pride and rounded and smoothed by tongues too kind to transmit the failings and follies or vices of those whom they revere.

Not long since I received a letter in regard to an early settler of the valley and this loving sentiment has been breathed in the ears of his descendants until it has become a household word. "He was a very great farmer; employed thirty mowers and twelve span of horses. He was remarkable for fervent piety and would often read the Bible and sing psalms 'till late at night." And when I turn to the Pennsylvania archives I find under date of 24th of June, 1756, a report made by James Young, Commissary General of Ye Musters to Honorable Robert Hunter Morris, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Pennsylvania, in which it is contained, concerning this same individual as follows: "They expressed themselves as if they thought the Province was obliged to them for allowing this party to be in their house; also made use of very arrogant expressions of the Commissioners and the People of Philadelphia in general. They seem to make a mere merchandise of the people stationed here; selling rum at 8d per gill."

A venerable Quaker gentleman related to me the following instance. He came to Stroudsburg from Bucks County, near Philadelphia, in the early part of this century and opened a store; wishing to replenish the annual supply of molasses and other staples, he sent his teamster to Philadelphia to bring them. On his return he stopped in the immediate neighborhood of the merchant's birth place and early residence, and during the night a severe storm of snow came on which prevented him from resuming his journey for several days. Meanwhile the good Quaker was impatiently pacing his store and wondering why the man did not appear with the goods. Finally he came and was met with a scowl and the fretful demand of what had delayed him so long. "Well," he answered, "you know I had a wagon, and there has been a snow storm." "Where was thee when it snowed?" "At Doylestown." "Why," said the Quaker indignantly, "there is where I was born and brought up; the people all knew my father and me; why didn't thee go out and borrow a sled?" "Oh," said the man, "that was the trouble. I did borrow one, but when the owner found out who I was and for whom I was working he would not let me take it. And I found out the less I said about you and your folks the more likely I was to get one, but they all soon found me out and I had to trade molasses for the one I have."

I may be pardoned, however, if I refer briefly to the settle-

ment of my ancestor in the valley below Milford. January 12, 1756, Ben. Franklin sent to Capt. Vanetta, of the township of Upper Smithfield, a letter instructing him to proceed to raise a company of Foot consisting of thirty able men, including two Sergeants, with which he was to protect the inhabitants, assisting them while they threshed out and secured their corn and scouting on the outside of the settlement from time to time as he judged necessary. A line of forts had been established along the northern frontiers of the province from Northkill to Hyndshaw fort, the most northerly of the chain, and at this place Johannis Van Etten, my great grandfather, was stationed as a sergeant. He was at this time a young man about twenty-four years of age, and as the record of events of that period reveals, took a prominent share in the dangers incident to frontier life. Tradition relates, and it is verified by a stone bearing the inscription 1727 now in the walls of a house belonging to the family, said to have been taken from the chimney of the first house erected by him, that he settled in what is now Delaware township, about five miles below Milford, at that date, and from that day to the present, the land has belonged to the family. He was commissioned captain and was in command as such at the battle of the Coneshaugh.

The state of feeling may be shown by the postscript of a letter written to President Reed at that time, communicating intelligence of the fight:

"Respective Sir—I'me now under difficulties of Mind; what the event will be God only knows. The people are Dermitened to Evacuate the Country, as there appears no prospect of relief by the Militia."

Troublous times—dark days—the present in gloom; the future in doubt; yet those men never faltered in their determination to do or die. Doubtless they had in mind the scenes and events of Valley Forge where the Continental army had encamped but three short years before. And as they heard of the struggles on the wider field for national life they were cheered and sustained in their efforts to repel a more insidious, lurking and dangerous foe, the wily savage and his white and treacherous coadjutor.

You, gentlemen of the Historical Society, are engaged in a noble effort. Had there been at an earlier period a realizing sense of the interest which would attach to the events of those

times—had the former generations preserved these traditions and written down the personal expressions of the actors in the dark and bloody dramas of those days—we should have a history full of interest for every one here, and not be groping among the ashes and embers of the fast-dying past. What is now doubtful and obscure, could by a line or a word from those not long gone, be made clear and certain.

Holding my grandfather's hand, I passed in boyish wonderment over the battlefield of Coneshaugh, where his father commanded, and I heard the details of that fight and the repetition of his father's version of its incidents, and as well those of the earlier times. But these tales created then but a passing interest, and they are now forever gone. They were stories of hardships, privations, endurance, courage and danger—of the days when men worked in the fields with their rifles by their sides, and the women in their household duties behind barred stockades and doors. But these generations have passed away and with them a mine of valuable incidents and facts, and we to-day are groping on the shores of that eternity into which they have fallen, endeavoring to discern the foot-prints and to read the characters they inscribed on the pages of their day and generation. It is well that this society has undertaken to rescue from a fast-growing oblivion some facts and incidents and preserve them for future generations: you will have the sincere thanks of your posterity.

Our ancestors were religiously inclined and to their love for church, and to the fact that they were particular in the observance of those religious customs instilled in their minds, brought from the Fatherland, and in maintaining a connection with the church, and in early bringing their children to be baptized, we owe much of what we know of their names and connections.

Strangers in a wild and unbroken land, surrounded by hidden dangers, a foe in constant ambush, it was natural that they should rely on an arm mightier than their own, that they should have a fervid, clinging trust in God and look to Him for protection from dangers unseen. The chief element of value in these recollections lies in the fact that they bring before us the lessons of Christian courage, of self-denial, of unfaltering faith, of unyielding conviction, of unbending determination and un-

flinching patriotism, which imbued the lives and illumined the characters of our ancestors.

These anniversary days bring to us all an enjoyment. We cease from the cares of business, and seek a respite from the active labors of our daily lives. These days are deeply significant and suggestive for every true citizen and descendant of the early settlers of this valley. They remind us of one priceless inheritance in that liberty and freedom for which the fathers fought and on bloody fields and in desolate and starving camps suffered so many sacrifices.

They remind us vividly that there were principles of government—that there was love of home and kindred, for which men were willing to undergo self-denial, persistent heroism, a courage of conviction which could not falter in the face of danger, which could not be quenched by reverses nor overthrown by disaster, which did not waver under personal peril, which forgot hunger, poverty, cold and which endured with a noble fidelity even to death itself.

Principles bought at such a price and with such sacrifices should be transmitted in all their original beauty and strength to our posterity, and it is for this that we should cherish and honor these anniversary days—that we should recall the deeds of daring done by our forefathers—that we should recount their privations—that with grateful memory we should build monuments commemorating their virtues and inscribe on the pages of our local history their heroic deeds that we may point to our children the noble record, and that it may be to them a grand and inspiring incentive to emulate in all that was great and good the virtues of their ancestors.

What we have to fear in these times is the perversion and contracting of these ideas of manliness and devotion to principles. Peculiar perils ever increasing through the ignorance, cupidity and demagoguism of men seem to threaten us and our institutions.

Anarchism wishes to pervert liberty of speech so as to include an utterly inexpensible license, and an unstable violation of law which if permitted would soon destroy the very foundations of social order.

New theories as to the rights of that wealth which each of us is laying by as a solace in our feeble days and an inheritance for our children, are springing up which, if allowed

to take root and flourish, would soon overshadow and wipe out individual ambition and effort and finally destroy freedom and legal security for person and property.

We should educate our children by reading to them the lessons of the past—educate them to the nobler principles of intelligent government; teach them that their liberty cannot become plastic clay in the hands of reckless and unscrupulous men. It must have the strength of iron with nerves of steel, unbending and unyielding. A rock on which all may stand but which cannot be overthrown or broken. This result can only be accomplished by the careful training of the youth to fully comprehend and practice those principles which ennobled our ancestors—which elevate mankind, dignify labor, broaden and deepen the channels of intelligent action and ground all character on the everlasting foundation of a Christian's love of home and country.

CHAPTER VIII

PIONEER LIFE

A STORY OF THE PET FAWN.

I think it was about the year 1771 or 1772, during the early settlement of the Minisink Valley on the Delaware River, just after my father had finished cutting off our back new-ground, that we had a clearing bee, drawing stone and building fence. Wild animals, such as wolves, panthers, wild-cats and foxes, were very troublesome to the farmers, and as a result many of these pioneers became very expert marksmen.

We had just finished our dinner and sat around a smoldering fire, smoking our pipes, while our guns were stacked around a large stump near by. I had been telling about an art I had been practicing, in which I was beginning to count myself somewhat proficient; that was whenever I was directing my aim, where there were more than one bird or animal, I watched for the instant two or more came in range, then fired, sometimes killing two or more with one bullet.

I had scarcely finished telling of my skill as a marksman, when we were all startled by a hideous howling and barking, which appeared to be coming from a swamp back of our clearing, and all the time drawing nearer to us.

Some one spoke up and said: "Now, Abe, I think you will have an opportunity to try your art." I reached for my gun and listening for a moment or two, recognized the barking to be that of wolves. I ran to get nearer the woods, in order to have a better and closer

range over my mark and had just leveled my gun on a stump, when a little fawn appeared in the clearing and came running toward us, panting and snorting at every jump. I then knew that it was pursued by wolves and decided to await the coming of the enemy. In another instant three wolves dashed into the opening, pursuing the fawn with a ferocity that chilled the blood in my veins.

I waited another instant for the savage animals to come into range, when all three came up side by side as if they were lining up for target practice.

When my gun cracked, two of the brutes tumbled over and began kicking the air, and the third one turned back limping and yelping toward the woods.

The other men up to this time had forgotten their guns, but now came running toward me with their pieces leveled. I shouted, "Don't shoot the fawn; always shoot the enemy." "Shoot the wolf"! They all fired at the receding wolf, but he was already partially hidden in the woods and their fire only served to frighten him and increase the speed of his retreat.

The fawn seemed to realize that we had defended it and hung round the edge of the clearing for several days. It finally found a faithful friend and protector in one of our cows, who had just parted with a veal calf.

It ran for a while with the cattle around the fields and finally came with them into the barnyard. In the course of a week or two, it became so tame that any one could go up to it and pat it. The children began feeding and salting it and after that it got to be almost a nuisance, following them into the house and even taking victuals off the table.

One day an Indian, who was in the habit of stopping at our house, met the little pet in the path near the edge of the wood. The fawn had forgotten all fear of man

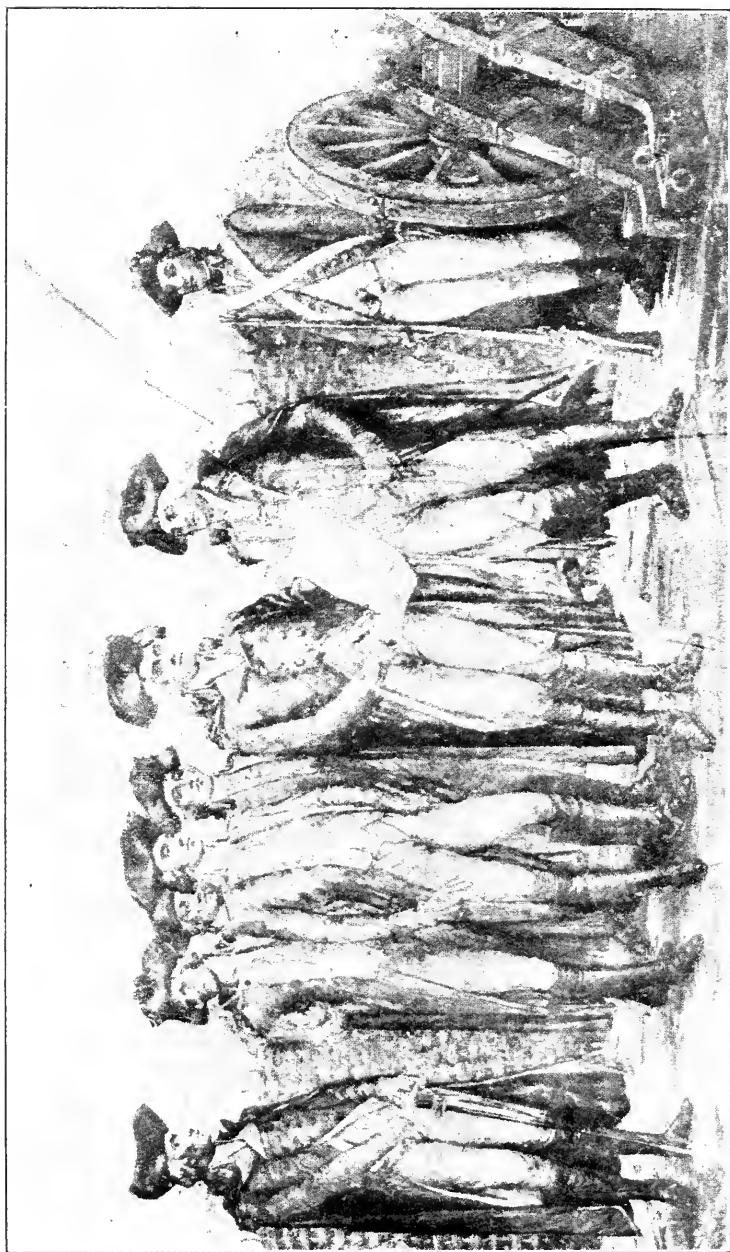
and ran directly toward him. He, not knowing that it had been adopted into our family, shot it and came carrying it to the house. Throwing it down in our door, he addressed my wife as follows: "White squaw, make quick dinner." "Good Indian"—"He bring nice meat present."

Many of the pioneers of Minisink became prominent in the Revolutionary War. They kept slaves to do the ordinary farm work and depended on them especially while the able-bodied men were away to the war.

The following will give my readers some idea of the interest taken in that war by the Minisink settlers.

Capt. Abram Cuddeback was a commissioned officer of the Revolution and one of the few survivors of the Battle of Minisink, described in detail elsewhere.





Lasher

Remsen

Sullivan

Sirling

Washington

Putnam

GENERAL WASHINGTON AND HIS OFFICERS IN THE FORTIFICATIONS OF FORT PUTNAM
BEFORE THE EVACUATION OF NEW YORK.

CHAPTER IX

A STORY.

WASHINGTON'S REWARD OF FIDELITY.

One of Captain Cuddeback's slaves had betrayed a trust, and after the family had gathered around the fireside in the evening, the Captain called the slave and bid him be seated, as he was about to relate a story for his benefit, and proceeded to entertain the company with the following incident of the Revolution:

"When I was stationed at Fort Montgomery, and for days before the fort was taken, the call came to our Colonel for a detachment of men to guard the fastenings of a huge chain, which had been forged and stretched across the river to prevent the enemies ships from going up from below. Our Colonel came to me and in his good-natured way said, 'Abe, I have not an officer I can spare to take charge of that chain across the Hudson River. It is a very important duty and I know you are a very good waterman. I am going to send you, and intrust to you the oversight of these men. Take these fourteen men, go to the river and see that none of the enemy's spies loosen that chain and remain on duty until relieved by my orders.' I took the men and proceeded to the river. All we had with us were our guns, axes, and one day's rations. Arriving at the river we were unable to find a boat to cross over to the east side, where we were to station ourselves, and the question of crossing became a very serious one. There were three large logs lying on the shore and I ordered some of my men to cut some poles and some others to look

up some spikes, which they did, and we made a float of the logs on which we crossed to the other side. During the day some of the boys had caught some fish and in the evening built a fire to roast them. Although the fire was well covered, there must have been some light which attracted the enemy's attention to our position, for all at once a cannon ball struck in the bank beside us, and a loud booming noise in the distance revealed the fact that we were a target for the enemy's guns.

"All my men sprang up in a terrible state of excitement and ran up the river. I followed them for some distance and tried to halt them, but there was no use, they had deserted their post and left me. I returned to my place and performed the duties of the guard alone, which on account of the chain being supported in the middle by logs to keep it from sinking, it was necessary to tighten and loosen the windless with the rising and falling of the tide.

In the morning Fort Montgomery was taken and I found myself within the enemy's lines. They made me a flattering offer to join them, but I retreated and found my way back to our camp, where I reported my experience to my Colonel. A short time after that Washington arrived at the camp, and I was very much surprised when one of his bodyguard came to our tent and inquired for me. I, reluctantly, went to headquarters, fearing that the men deserting their post at the river might be laid to my negligence in some way, but I was greatly relieved when my Colonel met me at the entrance and informed me that I had won great favor with Gen. Washington for my faithful performance of duty. He then took me in and introduced me to the one man of the Revolution, whom I had so much desired to see, Gen. George Washington. The General came forward and with a hearty shake of the hand said, 'Cuddeback, I

want to thank you at this time for a strict adherence to duty and recommend that you receive the promotion you justly deserve. If we had more men like you this great country of ours would soon be free.' Then turning to the Colonel, he addressed him as follows: 'Colonel, you will see to it, that this man Cuddeback is promoted to the rank of Captain and given a company the first opportunity.' Washington then mounted his horse and galloped away; his manly form swaying in the saddle and his sword clicking against his spurs at every bound.

GEN. HATHORN'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF MINISINK.

WARWICK, July 27, 1779.

GOV. CLINTON:

Dear Sir—In conformity to the Military Law, I embrace this first opportunity to communicate to your excellency my proceedings on a late tour of duty with my regiment. On the evening of the 21st of this instant, I received an order from his excellency, Gen. Washington, together with a requisition of the commissary of prisoners, to furnish one hundred men of my regiment for to guard the British prisoners on their way to Easton, at the same time received an express from Minisink that the Indians were ravaging and burning the place.

I ordered three companies of my regiment, including the exempt company, to parade for the purpose of a guard. The other three companies to march immediately to Minisink. On the 22nd I arrived with a part of my people at Minisink, where I found Col. Tusten, of Goshen, and Maj. Meeker, of New Jersey, with parts of their regiments, who had marched with about eighty men up the river a few miles.

I joined this party with about forty men, the whole amounting to one hundred and twenty men, officers included. A spy came in and informed me the enemy lay about four hours before at Mongaup, six miles distant from us. Our people appeared in high spirits. We marched in pursuit with an intention either to fall on them by surprise or to gain in front and ambush them. We were soon informed that they were on their

march up the river. I found it impracticable to surprise them on the ground that they now were and took my route along the old Keshethon path. The Indians encamped at the mouth of Halfway Brook. We encamped at 12 o'clock at night at Skinner's saw mill, three miles and a half from the enemy, where we lay the remainder of the night. The mountains were so exceedingly rugged and high we could not possibly get at them as they had passed the grounds the most favorable for us to attack them on before we could overtake them. Skinner's is about eighteen miles from Minisink. At daylight on the morning of the 23rd, after leaving our horses and disengaging of everything heavy, we marched on with intention to make the attack the moment an opportunity offered. The Indians, probably from some discovery they had made of us, marched with more alacrity than usual with an intention to get their prisoners, cattle and plunder, taken at Minisink, over the river.

They had almost effected getting their cattle and baggage across, when we discovered them at Lackawack, twenty-seven miles from Minisink, some Indians in the river and some had got over. It was determined in Council to make an attack at this place.

I therefore disposed of the men into three divisions, ordered Col. Tusten to command the one on the right and to take post about three hundred yards distance on an eminence to secure our right: sent Col. Wisner with another division to file out to the left and to dispose of himself in the like manner. In order to prevent the enemy from gaining any advantage on our flank, the other division under my command to attack them with that vigor necessary to *Strike Terror* in such a foe.

Capt. Tyler with the advanced guard unhappily discharged his piece before the division could be properly posted, which put me under the necessity of bringing on the action. I ordered my division to fix bayonets and push forcibly on them, which order being resolutely executed, put the Indians in the utmost confusion. great numbers took to the river, who fell from the well directed fire of our riflemen, and incessant blaze from our musketry, without returning any fire. The divisions in the rear, not subject to order, broke some advancing down the hill toward me, others fled into the woods. I soon perceived the enemy's rally on our right and recrossing the river to gain the heights I found myself under the necessity to rally all my force,

which by this time was much less than I expected. The enemy by this time had collected in force and from the best accounts that can be collected received a reinforcement from Keshethon, began to fire on our left. We returned the fire and kept up a constant bush firing up the hill from the river, in which the brave Capt. Tyler fell; several were wounded. The people being exceedingly fatigued obliged me to take post on a height, which proved to be a strong and advantageous ground. The enemy repeatedly advanced in from forty to one hundred yards distance, and were as repeatedly repulsed.

I had now but forty-five men (officers included), who had lost their command naturally drew toward me. The Spirits of these few, notwithstanding their fatigue, situation, and unalaying thirst, added to the cruel yelling of those bloody monsters, the seed of Anak in size, exceed thought or description. We defended this ground near three hours and a half, during the whole time one blaze without intermission was kept up on both sides. Here we had three men killed and nine wounded. Among the wounded was Lt.-Col. Tusten, in the hand; Maj. Meeker in the shoulder, Adj. Finch in the leg, Capt. Jones in the foot and Ensign Wood in the wrist. The chief of our people was wounded by angle shots from the Indians from behind rocks and trees.

Our rifles here were very useful. I found myself under the necessity of ceasing the fire, our ammunition from the continual fire of more than five hours naturally suggested that it must be exhausted, ordered no person to shoot without having his object sure, and that no shot be lost.

This gave spirits to the enemy, who formed their whole strength and forced the northeast part of our lines. Here we gave them a severe Gaul. Our people not being able to support the lines, retreated down the hill, precipitately toward the river. The enemy kept up a constant fire on our right, which was returned.

The people by this time were so scattered I found myself unequal to rally them again. Consequently every man made choice of his own way. Thus ended the action.

The following are missing in the whole from the last accounts: Col. Ellison's Regiment—Lt.-Col. Tusten, Capt. Jones, Capt. Wood, Capt. Little, Capt. Duncan and twelve privates.

One private of New Jersey; Adj. Finch, Ensign Wood and one private of my regiment. In the whole twenty-one men.

Several wounded men are in. I hope others will yet be found. I received a wound on my head, one in my leg and one in my thigh—slightly. The one in my thigh from inattention is a little troublesome.

Several spies that lay near the enemy the night following the action, informed us that they moved off their wounded in canoes on the day following; that on the ground where they lay there was great quantities of blood, and the whole encampment was marked with wounded men. Great numbers of plasters and bloody rags was found. Although we suffered by the loss of so many brave men, the best for the number without sensible error in the precinct. It's beyond doubt the enemy suffered much more. From the various parts of the action can be collected a greater number of Indian dead than we lost, besides their wounded. The number of Indians and Tories is not ascertained; some accounts say 90, others 120, others 160.

Col. Seward, of New Jersey, with 93 men was within five or six miles of the action on the Pennsylvania side, did not hear the firing, approached and lay near the Indians all night following, and from their conduct and groaning of the wounded gave rise to the belief that they had been in some action where they had suffered, and would have attacked them around their fire, but a mutiny arose among some of his people which prevented—a very unfortunate and to be lamented circumstance. If in their situation he had attacked them, with the common smiles of Providence, he must have succeeded and put them to total rout.

Dear Governor, it's not in my power to point out to you the disagreeable situation I was in, surrounded by a foe, with such a handful of valuable men, not only as soldiers but as fellow citizens and members of society, and nothing to be expected but the hatchet, spear and scalping-knife. The tremendous yells and whoops, all the fiends in the confines of the Infernal Region, with one united cry, could not exceed it. Add to this the cries and petitions of the wounded around me, not to leave them, was beyond paralled or idea. My heart bleeds for the unfortunate wounded who fell into their hands. However circumstances give me a little consolation. Mr. Roger Townsend, of Goshen, received a wound in his thigh, being ex-

ceedingly thirsty making an attempt to go to find some water was met by an Indian who very friendly took him by the hand and said he was his prisoner and would not hurt him. A well directed ball from one of our men put the Indian into a dose, and Mr. Townsend ran back into the lines. I hope some little humanity may yet be found in the breasts of the Savages.

I should be at the greatest loss was I to attempt to point out any officer or soldier that exceeded another in bravery during the time of the general action.

Too much praise cannot be given to them for their attention in receiving orders and alacrity in executing them.

I have acquiesced with Col. Woodhull in ordering one-eighth of our regiments to Minisink as a temporary guard until your excellency's pleasure is known on the subject.

The Indians were under the command of Brant, who was either killed or wounded in the action. They burnt Major Decker's house and barn; Sam'l Davis's barn and mill; Jacob Van Vleck's house and barn; Dan'l Van Okers barn (here was two Indians killed from a little fort around the house which was saved); Esquire Kuykindall's house and barn; Simon Westfall's house and barn; the Church; Peter Kuykindall's house and barn; Mertinus Decker's fort, house, barn and saw mills, and Nehemiah Patterson's saw mill; killed and scalped Jeremiah Vanoker, Daniel Cole, Ephraim Ferguson and one Tavern, and took with them several prisoners, mostly children, with a great number of horses, cattle and valuable plunder. Some of the cattle we rescued and returned to the owners.

I hope your excellency will make allowances for the imperfect stile, razures and blotts of this line, whilst I have the honor to subscribe myself, with the most perfect esteme, in haste,

Your Excellency's Most Obedt. Sevt.,

"JOHN HATHORN, Col."

CHAPTER X

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY BY THE INDIANS OF MRS. HARBISON.

“On the return of my husband from Gen. St. Clair’s defeat, and on his recovery from the wound he received in battle, he was made a spy and ordered to the woods on duty, about the 22d of March, 1792. The appointment of spies to watch the movements of the Savages was so consonant with desires and interests of the inhabitants, that the frontier now resumed the appearance of quiet and confidence. Those who had for nearly a year been huddled together in the blockhouses were scattered to their own habitation and began the cultivation of their farms. The spies saw nothing to alarm them or to induce them to apprehend danger, till the fatal morning of my captivity. They frequently came to our house to receive refreshments and to lodge. On the 15th of May, my husband, with Capt. Guthrie and other spies, came home about dark, and wanted supper, to procure which, I requested one of the spies to accompany me to the spring and springhouse, and Mr. Wm. Maxwell complied with my request. While he was at the spring and springhouse, we both distinctly heard a sound like the bleating of a lamb or fawn. This greatly alarmed us and induced us to make a hasty retreat into the house. Whether this was an Indian decoy or a warning of what I was to pass through, I am unable to determine. But from this time and circumstance, I became considerably alarmed and entreated my husband to remove me to some more secure place from Indian

cruelties. But Providence had designed that I should become a victim to their rage and that mercy should be made manifest in my deliverance. On the night of the 21st of May, two of the spies, Mr. John Davis and Mr. Sutton, came to lodge at our house and on the morning of the 22d, at daybreak when the horn blew at the blockhouse, which was in sight of our house, and distant about two hundred yards, the two men got up and went out. I was also awake and saw the door open and thought when I was taken prisoner, that the scouts had left it open. I intended to rise immediately, but having a child at the breast and it being awakened, I lay with it at the breast to get it to sleep again and accidentally fell asleep myself. The spies have since informed me that they returned to the house again and found that I was sleeping; that they softly fastened the door and went immediately to the blockhouse; and those who examined the house after the scene was over, say both doors had the appearance of being broken open. The first thing I knew from falling asleep, was the Indians pulling me out of bed by my feet. I then looked up, and saw the house full of Indians, every one having his gun in his left hand and tomahawk in his right. Beholding the danger I was in, I immediately jumped to the floor on my feet, with the young child in my arms. I then took a petticoat to put on, having only the one in which I slept; but the Indians took it from me, and as many times as I attempted to put it on, they succeeded in taking it from me, so that I had to go just as I had been in bed. While I was struggling with some of the Savages for clothing, others of them went and took the two children out of another bed and immediately took the two feather beds to the door and emptied them. The Savages immediately began their work of plunder and devastation. What they were unable to carry with them, they

destroyed. While they were at their work I made to the door and succeeded in getting out. With one child in my arms and another by my side, but the other little boy was so much displeased by being so early disturbed in the morning, that he would not go to the door. When I got out I saw Mr. Wolf, one of the soldiers, going to the spring for water, and beheld two or three of the Savages attempting to get between him and the blockhouse; but Mr. Wolf was unconscious of his danger for the Savages had not yet been discovered. I then gave a terrific scream, by which means Mr. Wolf discovered his danger and started to run for the blockhouse: seven or eight Indians fired at him, but the only injury he received was a bullet in the arm, which broke it. He succeeded in making his escape to the blockhouse.

When I raised the alarm one of the Indians came up to me with his tomahawk as though about to take my life, a second came and placed his hand before my mouth and told me to hush, when a third came with a lifted tomahawk, and attempted to give me a blow: but the first that came raised his tomahawk and averted the blow, and claimed me as his squaw. The Commissary, with his waiter, slept in the storehouse near the blockhouse, and upon hearing the report of the guns, came to the door to see what was the matter, and beholding the danger he was in made his escape to the blockhouse, but not without being discovered by the Indians, several of whom fired at him, and one of the bullets went through his handkerchief, which was tied about his head and took off some of his hair. The handkerchief, with several bullet holes in it, he afterwards gave to me. The waiter on coming to the door was met by the Indians, who fired upon him and he received two bullet holes through his body and fell dead by the door. The Savages then set up one of their tremendous and terrifying

yells, and pushed forward and attempted to scalp the man they had killed, but they were prevented from executing their diabolical purpose by the heavy fire which was kept up through the portholes from the blockhouse.

In this scene of horror and alarm I began to meditate an escape, and for that purpose I attempted to direct the attention of the Indians from me to the blockhouse, and thought if I could succeed in this, I would retreat to a subterranean rock with which I was acquainted, which was in the run near where we were. For this purpose I began to converse with some of those who were near me, respecting the strength of the blockhouse, the number of men in it, etc., and being informed that there were forty men there, and that they were excellent marksmen, they immediately came to the determination to retreat, and for this purpose they ran to those who were besieging the blockhouse and brought them away. They then began to flog me with their wiping sticks—a stick for wiping a gun—and to order me along. Thus what I intended as the means of my escape was the means of accelerating my departure in the hands of the Savages. But it was no doubt ordered by a kind Providence for the preservation of the fort and the inhabitants in it; for when the Savages gave up the attack and retreated, some of the men in the house had the last load of ammunition in their guns and there was no possibility of procuring any more, for it was all fastened up in the storehouse, which was inaccessible. The Indians, when they had flogged me away along with them, took my oldest boy, a lad about five years old, along with them, for he was still at the door by my side. My middle boy, who was about three years of age, had by this time obtained a situation by the fire in the house and was crying bitterly to me not to go, and making bitter complaints of the depredations of the Savages. But these monsters were not willing

to let the child remain behind them; they took him by the hands to drag him along with them, but he was so unwilling to go and made such a noise by crying that they took him up by the feet and dashed his brains out against the threshold of the door. They then scalped and stabbed him and left him for dead. When I witnessed this inhuman butchery of my own child, I gave a most indispensible and terrific scream, and felt a dimness come over my eyes next to blindness and my senses were nearly gone. The Savages then gave me a blow across the head and face and brought me to my sight and recollection again. During the whole of this agonizing scene I kept my infant in my arms. As soon as their murder was effected they marched me along to the top of the bank about forty or sixty rods, and there they stopped and divided their plunder which they had taken from our house, and here I counted their number and found them to be thirty-two, two of whom were white men, painted as Indians. Several of the Indians could speak English well. I knew several of them well, having seen them go up and down the Allegheny river. I knew two of them to be from the Seneca tribe of Indians and two of the Munsees; for they had called at the shop to get their guns repaired and I saw them there. We went from this place about forty rods, and they then caught my Uncle John Currie's horses, and two of them, into whose custody I was put, started with me on the horses. When they came to the bank that descends toward the Allegheny, the bank was so very steep and there appeared so much danger in descending it on horseback, that I threw myself off the horse in opposition to the will and command of the Savages. My horse descended without falling, but the one on which the Indian rode, who had my little boy, in descending, fell and rolled over repeatedly, and my little boy fell

back over the horse, but was not materially injured. He was taken up by one of the Indians, and we got to the bank of the river, where they had secreted some bark canoes under the rocks opposite an island in the river. They attempted in vain to make the horses take the river. After trying some time to effect this they left the horses behind them and took us in one of the canoes to the point of the island and there they left the canoes.

Here I beheld another hard scene, for as soon as we had landed, my little boy, who was still mourning and lamenting about his little brother, and who complained that he was injured by the fall in descending the bank, was murdered. One of the Indians ordered me along, probably, that I should not see the horrid deed about to be perpetrated. The other then took his tomahawk from his side, and with this instrument of death, killed and scalped him. When I beheld this second scene of inhuman butchery, I fell to the ground senseless, with my infant in my arms, it being under and its little hands in the hair of my head. How long I remained in this state of insensibility, I know not. The first thing I remember was my raising my head from the ground and my feeling myself exceedingly overcome with sleep. I cast my eyes around and saw the scalp of my dear little boy fresh bleeding from his head, in the hands of one of the Savages, and sunk down to the earth again upon my infant child. The first thing I remember after witnessing this spectacle of woe, was the severe blows I was receiving from the hands of one of the Savages, though at that time I was unconscious of the injury I was sustaining. After a severe castigation, they assisted me in getting up, and supported me when I was up.

Here I cannot help contemplating the peculiar interposition of Divine Providence in my behalf. How easily they might have murdered me! What a wonder their

cruelty did not lead them to effect it! But, instead of this, the scalp of my boy was hid from my view, and in order to bring me to my senses, they took me back to the river and led me in knee deep; this had its intended effect. But "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." We now proceeded on our journey by crossing the island and coming to a shallow place where we could wade out and so arrived to the Indian side of the country. Here they pushed me in the river before them and had to conduct me through it. The water was up to my breast, but I suspended my child above the water and through the assistance of the Savages got safely out. From thence we rapidly proceeded forward and came to Big Buffalo; here the stream was very rapid and the Indians had again to assist me. We then crossed Little Buffalo at the very place where Mr. Sarver's mill now stands and ascended the hill.

I now felt weary of my life and had a full determination to make the Savages kill me, thinking death would be exceedingly welcome when compared with the fatigue, cruelties and miseries I had the prospect of enduring.

To have my purpose effected I stood still, one of the Savages being before me and the other walking on behind me, and I took from my shoulder a large powder-horn they made me carry, in addition to my child, who was one year and four days old. I threw the horn on the ground, closed my eyes and expected every moment to feel the deadly tomahawk. But to my surprise, the Indians took it up, cursed me bitterly, and put it on my shoulder again. I took it off the second time and threw it on the ground and again closed my eyes as before with similar expectation, but to my great surprise they, with indignant and frightful countenances, came and placed it on again. I took it off the third time and was de-

terminated to effect it; and therefore threw it as far as I could on the rocks. One Savage immediately went after it, while the other one who claimed me as his squaw came up to me and said, "Well done; I did right, and was a good squaw and that the other was a lazy dog; he might carry it himself." I cannot now sufficiently admire the indulgent care of a gracious God, that at this moment preserved me amidst so many temptations from the tomahawk and scalping knife.

The Savages now changed their positions, the one who claimed me as his squaw going behind. This movement I believe was to prevent the other from doing me harm, and we came to the Salt Lick, about two miles above Butler, where was an Indian camp, arriving a little before dark, and having no refreshments during the day.

The camp was made of stakes driven in the ground, sloping and covered with chestnut bark and appeared to be long enough to accommodate fifty men. The camp had paths about it leading in different directions.

That night they took me about three hundred yards from the camp, up a run into a large dark bottom, where they cut the brush in a thicket and placed a blanket on the ground and permitted me to sit down with my child.

They then pinioned my arms back only with a little liberty, so that it was with difficulty that I managed my child. Here in this dreary situation, without fire or refreshment, having my arms pinioned and my child to take care of with a Savage on each side of me, who had killed two of my dear children that day, I had to pass the first night of my captivity.

Ye mothers, who have never lost a child by an inhuman Savage may nevertheless think a little (though it be a little) what I endured and hence sympathize with

me a little as one of the pioneers of civilization. Notwithstanding my situation and my determination to escape if possible, I fell asleep and dreamed of my escape and safe arrival in Pittsburgh and several other things which afterwards proved to be true in that place.

The night passed away without giving me any chance of escape, for the Savages kept watch all night without sleep. In the morning one of them left us to watch the trail we had come over, to see if any were pursuing us. During the absence of the one Indian, the other who was the murderer of my last boy, took from his bosom his scalp and prepared a hoop and stretched the scalp upon it. This sight harrowed up my soul and I meditated revenge! While he was in the very act I attempted to secure the tomahawk which hung from his belt and imagined myself giving him the fatal blow, when, alas! I was detected. He felt me at the handle and turned round and cursed me and told me I was a Yankee. He then faced me to prevent my doing so again. My excuse for handling his tomahawk was that my child wanted to play with the handle of it. His looks were something terrific in the extreme, and these I apprehended were only an index of his heart. But God was my preserver.

The Savage who had gone, returned about noon, and had discovered no pursuers. Then the other Savage went on the same errand. My guard now began boasting of their achievements at the defeat of General St. Clair and examining the plunder of our house, found my pocketbook, which contained ten dollars in silver and a half guinea in gold. During this day they gave me a piece of dry venison about the size of an egg, as they did the day we were marching, for me and the child; but owing to the blows I had received on my jaws I was unable to eat a bit of it. I broke it up and gave it to the child.

The next evening, Monday 23, on the return of the other Savage they removed me to another place in the same valley and secured me as on the previous night, and on the morning of the 24th a flock of birds and robins hovered over us and sung and said, at least in my imagination, that I was to get up and go off. At day-break one guard again went off to watch the trail, and the one left to guard me appeared to be sleeping. When I perceived this I lay still and began to snore and he soon fell fast asleep. Then I concluded it was time to escape. I found it impossible to injure him, for my child would need to be put down and might give a cry, so I contented myself with taking from a pillow-case of plunder from our house a short gown, handkerchief and child's frock, and so made my escape; the sun being then about half an hour high.

I took a direction from home at first, being guided by the birds before mentioned, and to deceive the Indians, then took over the hill until I struck a creek which I followed down stream. I soon discovered by the sun that I was on the wrong course, and sat down until the evening star made its appearance, and having marked out the course I should take next morning, I collected a bed of leaves. I laid me down and slept, though my feet being full of thorns were very painful and I still had had nothing to eat for myself and child. The next morning, May 25, about daybreak I was aroused by the same flock of birds before mentioned, which still continued with me, and having them to guide me through the wilderness. As soon as sufficiently light to find my way I started for the fourth day's trial of hunger and fatigue. I made my way towards the Allegheny River, and in the evening about the going down of the sun, a moderate rain set in.

I could not collect a sufficient bed of leaves without

setting my little boy on the ground; but as soon as I put him out of my arms he began to cry; and I put him to the breast immediately and he became quiet. I then stood and listened, and distinctly heard the footsteps of a man coming after me in the direction I had come! Alarmed at my perilous situation and seeking a place of safety, I providentially discovered a large tree which had fallen, into the tops of which I crept, with my child in my arms and hid myself under the limbs.

The darkness greatly assisted me and prevented detection. The footsteps I heard were those of a Savage. He heard the cry of the child and came to the very spot where the child cried, and there he halted, put down his gun, and was so near that I heard the wiping stick strike against his gun distinctly. My getting in under the tree and sheltering myself and pressing my boy to my bosom got him warm and he most providentially fell asleep. All was quiet and the Savage was listening for the cry he had heard before. My own heart was the only thing I feared for that beat so loud that I was apprehensive it would betray me; but after the Savage had stood and listened with the stillness of death for two hours, the sound of a bell and a cry like that of a night-owl, signals from his Savage companions, induced him to answer, and after he had given a most horrid yell, which was calculated to harrow up my soul, he went off to join them. Lest they should conclude upon a second search I deemed it best to move from my place of concealment that night, so I threw my coat about my child and placed the end between my teeth and with my one arm and teeth I carried the child and with the other arm groped my way between the trees for a mile or two, and there sat down at the root of a tree till the morning. The night was cold and wet, and thus terminated the fourth day of difficulties, trials, hunger and danger.

Saturday, May 26, wet and exhausted, hungry and wretched, I started as soon as I could see, and on that morning struck the waters of Pine Creek, and having crossed them discovered a path on the opposite bank with moccasin tracks in it, evidently indicating that Indians were just ahead of me. This alarmed me, but I followed on until I came to a hunter's camp where the two men whose tracks I had been following had kindled a fire and breakfasted, leaving the fire burning.

I here became more alarmed and determined to leave the path. I then crossed a ridge towards Squaw Run and came upon another trail or path. I was here meditating what to do; and while I was thus musing I saw three deer coming towards me at full speed; they turned to look at their pursuers; I looked too with all attention and saw the flash of a gun and heard the report as soon as the gun was fired. I saw some dogs dart after them, and began to look about for a shelter, and made for a large log and hid myself behind it; but most providentially I did not go clear to the log; had I done so I might have lost my life by the bites of rattlesnakes; for as I put my hand on the ground to raise myself, that I might see what had become of the hunters and who they were, I saw a large heap of rattlesnakes and the top one was very large and coiled up very near my face and ready to bite me. This compelled me to leave this situation, let the consequences be what they might.

I here again left my course and came to the headwaters of Squaw Run, which I followed the remainder of the day. During the day it rained and I suffered much from both cold and hunger. My jaws were so far recovered that I was enabled to pluck some grapevine branches and chew them for a little sustenance. At night, within a mile of the Allegheny River and in a tremendous rainstorm, I took up my fifth night's lodg-

ing at the foot of a tree; and in order to shelter my infant, I placed him in my lap and leaned my head against the tree.

On the morning of the 6th, which was the Sabbath, I was so nearly exhausted that it was with great difficulty I was enabled to get on my feet, and my progress was amazingly slow and discouraging. In this almost helpless condition I had not gone far before I came to a path where some cattle had been traveling; I immediately took the path, knowing it would lead me to the abode of some white people, and by traveling it about a mile I came to an uninhabited cabin, and though I was on a river bottom, yet I knew not where I was nor yet on what river bank I had come. Here I was seized with a feeling of despair, and drawing near the cabin I concluded I would enter and lie down and die; as death would be an angel of mercy to me.

Just then I heard a cow-bell, which imparted a gleam of hope to my desponding mind. I followed the sound of the bell till I came opposite to the fort at the Six-Mile Island.

I here saw three men on the opposite side of the river. This sight revived my spirits. I called to them. They seemed unwilling to risk the danger of coming after me and requested to know who I was. I tried to make them understand my captivity, escapes, etc., but they requested me to come up the bank of the river for a while that they might see if the Indians were making a decoy of me or not; but I replied that I could not walk.

Then one of them, James Closier, got into a canoe to fetch me over, and the other two stood on the bank with their rifles cocked, ready to fire on the Indians, provided they were using me as a decoy. When Mr. Closier came near shore and saw my haggard and dejected situation he exclaimed, "Who in the name of

God are you?" He was one of my nearest neighbors, yet six days' hardship had so altered my appearance that he did not know my voice or countenance.

When we landed, the people came running from the fort, and some assisted me, others took the child, and now that I felt I was safe I found myself unable to move or assist myself in any degree; whereupon the people carried me to the house of Mr. Cortus.

Here for the first time I burst into tears and my feeling returned with all their poignancy. During my severest and most heart-rending trial I could not shed a tear before the Indians. Had I done so, it might have cost me my life, for the Indians despise tears.

When they took me into the house I fainted. Some of the people attempted to restore me and others by their kindness would in all probability have killed me, had not Major M'Culley arrived and ordered them to take me out in the air, and that I should not have anything but the whey of buttermilk for a time, and that in very small quantities.

After I revived the thorns were taken from my feet in great numbers, some of them having gone through and coming out on the top. The news soon spread of my arrival and my husband came to see me the same evening. I gave an account of the murder of my child on the island, and on Wednesday morning a scout went out, according to my directions, and found the body and buried it after being murdered nine days.

CHAPTER XI

Poems by the Author.

THE TRIUMVIATE.

The ship of state with her shackled freight,
Swept by a furious gale,
Was drifting away from the harbor bay
With shattered mast and sail.

The Pilot Chief from the billowy reef,
The cargo sought to save,
But millions of souls in bondage shoals
Seemed doomed to a watery grave.

But the Pilot's zeal as he turned the wheel
From the danger coast away
Gave manly grip to thrust the ship
In Emancipation bay.

There the fetters broke and the galling yoke
Was buried beneath the sea.
Now naught remains of the slave in chains
For the bondman is set free.

But the Pilot, great, was doomed to fate
For the manacles he had riven
But be assured that he "endured,"
And his pass-port leads to heaven.

May an angel band from the freedman land
E'en from the great white throne
With songs, complete and music sweet
Their gratitude make known.

By gifts of love, borne from above
To the Springfield of the West,
To bedeck the tomb with Eden's bloom
Where the martyred Lincoln rests.

And of all the brave who fought to save
The Union from her woes
'Twas Garfield's main that led the train
And grappled with her foes.

From halls of fame, he too became
The nation's honored chief,
But crime combined with jealous mind.
To bring him down to grief.

'Mid hopes and fears and falling tears
We watched his life depart,
But Garfield's name—untarnished name,
Is graven on every heart.

Let those who prize the sacrifice
Made by these hero towers
With the soldier dead, who fought and bled
Bedeck their graves with flowers.

Fair Lake View Side great Cleveland's pride
Contains a hallowed spot
Where the humblest swain may strength regain
And courage to bear his lot.

McKinley too, the tried and true
Stood foremost in the fray
Where North and South at the cannon mouth
Swept valiant lives away.

But, o'er it all, there hung a pall,
And as he rose to fame
His artful foe with a miscle blow
Drove anarchy to shame.

By thrust and gloat at the nation's throat
A blow at the nation's head
That riot and rant might lead the chant
And the requiem of the dead.

The last sad right, by hearts, contrite
Tender hands have done
An eye Divine guards the sacred shrine
Of the nation's martyred son.

Such deeds, maligned, oft bring to mind
William the Silent's fall.
We see at a glance the "Terrors of France,"
And "the unkindest cut of all."

May the majestrate triumviate
Statesman, soldier, friend
Reign in each heart, to zeal impart
And God our cause defend.

THE MAINE IN THE HARBOR OF DEATH.

BY HORACE EDGAR TWICHELL.

The "Maine," the union's pride, the nation's boast,
Fair daughter named in honor of the Pine Tree State,
Lay peacefully at anchor off a foreign coast.
Dreaming not of an untimely fate.

Yea, verily she sought a calm repose,
She had offended no one, she suspected none,
Yet e'en the elements appeared to be her foes,
As the waves came up and smote her one by one.

Here earth and sea had found a thousand graves,
Where buoyant she lay on ocean's breast,
Made crimson by the blood of Cuban slaves,
And many martyrs of that land oppressed.

The night had draped her stately masts in mourning,
Beneath the old flag that she proudly bore;

As gems, the bosom of the deep adorning,
Were the lights reflected from the sky and shore.

The sentinel had finished his inspecting tour,
The "all is well" had echoed o'er the deep;
Thus making all on board feel more secure,
And many of the crew retired to sleep.

While some in youthful dreams are home again,
Surrounded by their friends and parents dear,
Others struggle in the throes of death with men,
Still others shed the penitential tear.

Then suddenly there comes a lightning flash,
A peal of thunder shakes the sea and shore,
Then overhead a rumbling, stunning crash,
And scores of human beings are no more.

The flames illuminate the earth and sky,
And yet no post is deserted by the crew;
The officers the very elements defy,
The nation's pride should be her tried and true.

The boats are manned and managed with a skill,
Which highly honors any naval fleet.
The wounded ones are rescued, and the ill
From the water and most dangerous retreat.

The noble ship is in the throes of death.
She disappears beneath the angry wave,
And who can know if accident or wrath
Has buried her in this untimely grave.

The direful news is flashed throughout the land,
And many forms are prostrate, some undone;
The queries raise, "Was it a Spanish hand
That feign would have a bloody war begun.

We'll trust the pilot of the nation's craft,
He's conned the nation's charts of war and peace;

Invoiced the nation's cargo fore and aft;
So should the nation's confidence in him increase.

Our sacred dead the harbor death have passed,
Into the haven, peace, into eternal rest,
Where he who would be first shall be the last,
And he who would be humblest the best.

THE LONELY SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

(Written for THE CALL.)

What are those muffled tones which meet mine ear?
Can this be martial music drawing near?
Look yonder, 'tis an army almost here.
See how the muskets glitter in the light!
And now they quickly turn and march to right,
As if there were some lurking foe in sight.

Hark! what report is that from yonder tree?
The smoke is dimly rising—can you see?
It surely is some unseen enemy.
But from the ranks a soldier, staggering, falls.
“Halt!” the stern commander loudly calls,
And all stand firm as great partition walls.

“Who's that has fallen?” comes the stern demand,
“Poor Joe is dead, slain by yon rebel band.”
“Well, forward march, the army must not stand.”
“But, captain, he's my brother, may I stay,”
Until he's buried?” “If you wish you may.”
“This way lads, with shovels, no delay.”

The brother lingers with his sacred dead,
And o'er the prostrate form he bows his head,
And breathes the silent prayer his mother said.
Then from the lifeless form upon the sand
He takes the ring from off the pulseless hand,
And thus obeys his mother's last command.

He also clips a lock of flaxen hair,
The only other token he can bear
To soothe his mother in her deep despair,
Just then the sappers hurried to the place,
And having turned the dead upon his face
Heaped high the verdant sod and left in haste.

The maiden calmly watched the new made mound,
As days and weeks and months and years rolled round,
And looked upon the spot as hallowed ground.
“My brother may yet fall upon the plain,
And one I love as dear may yet be slain.”
Were reveries that filled her heart and brain.

So, from the remnant waste, a flag she drew;
The Stars and Stripes, disowned by parents too,
And placed it on the grave thus made anew.
When questioned as to why she'd thus behave
Her heart was in the answer that she gave,
“He rests beneath the flag, he died to save.”

In after years when North and South were one.
United in the flag of Washington;
She listened to great feats in battle done,
For one to whom she ever had been true,
Whoever had her happiness in view,
Returned, clad in a suit of faded blue.

He said that when in battle's darkest hour
He saw the old flag waving from a tower,
And felt a strange conviction from its power;
He vowed if God would save him one day more
That same old flag our brave forefathers bore,
He'd hail from land to land and shore to shore.

Then too, his comrade made a solemn vow,
That being one at first they should be now,
And clear the death dew from each other's brow;
Then, in mingled sadness, joy and pride,
He told her how her brother bravely died
While fighting for the Union by his side.

He also told how congress named a day,
When balmy breezes fan the flowers of May
That all should some sweet floral tribute pay;
For every soldier's grave should be a shrine
Where loving hands may wreaths of flowers entwine
And light eternal on our banner shine.

Then this thought brightened up her darkest gloom,
That, on this day, when sweetest flowers bloom,
Some loving hand might deck her brother's tomb.
Then, thinking on the grave made far away,
They both bethought how near a soldier lay,
Whose blood was spilled and mingled with the clay.

Then both resolved to keep this day of ours
By twining verdant wreaths of fragrant flowers,
Which they had plucked from nature's sweetest bowers.
And when the sun descended in the West,
Leaving silent nature to her rest,
This lonely soldier's grave lay flower dressed.

For hands that grappled with a stealthy foe,
And tender fingers, wrung in deepest woe,
United here, to gifts of love bestow.
Thus, when the stars of light shone out serene
Upon this lonely mound of verdant green,
The stars of peace and freedom waved between.

HORACE EDGAR TWICHELL.

THE MOHAWK MAIDEN.*

BY HORACE EDGAR TWICHELL.

There lived a Mohawk maiden
Whose life with toil was laden,
Through the forest, on the plain;
Very drear was her surrounding,

*Mary (or Mollie) Brant, sister of Joseph Brant.

With the wild beasts ever abounding,
Ever chasing in her train.

How her long, dark, waving tresses,
Gained a score of fond caresses,
From the pale-face, from the brave,
As she wrought among the maizes
With no bard to chant her praises;
She was warrior's drudge and slave.

Fairy young Mohawk maiden,
The wigwam that she staid in
Could not hold so great a charm;
For her sparkling eyes so tender
Gained her many a defender,
Who would shield the maid from harm.

Her sweet voice mocked the fountains
As it echoed through the mountains,
When she trod the hunter's trail;
With her trusted bow and quiver,
On the marshes of the river,
Her shaft would never fail.

All unlike her cruel brother,†
Who cared for self—none other,—
Deeds of kindness were her pride;
She was ever tender hearted,
And full oft the tear-drop started
When the scalping-knife she spied.

And she worshiped the Great Spirit
In a way that he might hear it,
When the Sun had gone to rest;
Ever seeking his protection
Throughout ever insurrection,
As the safest and the best.

†Joseph Brant, the famous Mohawk chieftain, who commanded at the battles of Minisink, Wyoming and others during the Revolution.

One day the Mohawk maiden
The corn-field long delayed in,
For Sir William[‡] drew aside;
And although he felt above her,
Yet he claimed that he could love her
And take her as his bride.

Thus he lured her to his palace; ¶
But her heart could hold no malice,
So guileless was her life;
And she even quite forgave him,
And from censure tried to save him
When he chose another wife.

For she felt the tie that bound her—
As her children played around her,—
Bound her firmly to their sire:
For she saw the one offended,
In the pale-face meekly blended,
Free from envy and from ire.

Thus the Mohawk maiden,
Whose life with toil was laden,
By Sir William kept her vow:
She soothed his dying pillow,
And beneath the weeping willow,
Cleared the death-dew from his brow.

TEACHER'S COLUMN.

Rulers in Rhyme.

BY HORACE EDGAR TWICHELL.

The United Colonies, England's descendants,
Made a great struggle for their Independence;
Like a swarm from the hive, they preferred separation
That they might become a great, prosperous nation.
And in a defense against English oppressions
They took up their arms against Britains and Hessians.
Now, in those dark days, when our forefathers faltered,
WASHINGTON's courage was firm and unaltered.

[‡]Sir William Johnston the celebrated Indian agent and general in the Mohawk Valley during the French and Indian troubles prior to the Revolution.

¶A stone house still standing at Johnstown, Fulton Co., N. Y.

1775.

He led in the war of the Great Revolution
Which threw off the yoke and brought just restitution.
After putting their plans in complete execution
The people adopted a firm Constitution—
A fixed set of laws, granting rights and protection.
To every son of Caucasian complexion.
Then for a ruler to govern the nation,
All turned to this man of such great reputation,
And in the Frail Bark of scant mooring and sail,
WASHINGTON braved the most furious gale.

1789.

To meet all emergencies, wisely, he planned,
And thus gained the confidence of all the land;
For great was the wreck of the war's devastation,
But wisely he met every just obligation,
And after eight years of great turmoil and care
He passed, to John Adams, the President's chair.

1797

ADAMS declared that a rigid advance
Of army and navy must settle with France:
To teach foreign Crowns who for tribute contend,
That we give not a cent but with millions defend.
And war had already begun on the seas,
When a French Revolution all malice appeased.

1801.

Next JEFFERSON chants the new century ditty,
And makes the great Washington capital city;
This far-seeing President took a great notion
To make his possessions extend to the ocean.
He paid fifteen millions to France for her claim
On Louisiana and lands by that name.
Just then came a furious war declaration
From Tripoli, now in extreme agitation
Because yearly tribute as paid heretofore
To ransom our slaves, was not paid any more;
So he sent an armada without hesitation
To bombard that city and quell their vexation.

178

MADISON came as the fourth into power,
 And threatened all pirates and knaves to devour.
 He chose eighteen hundred and twelve as the year
 To lead Mother England around by the ear;
 But great was the struggle with loud sounding lashes—
 The capitol lying in ruins and ashes.
 And both sides were satisfied now to relent,
 For a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent,—
 And O! how they longed for a news-sending means
 To avert the great battle around New Orleans.

NUMBER TWO.

Fifth with his doctrine (1817) MONROE made decree
 That conquests of Europe must not cross the sea,
 And the states may e'en deem it an unfriendly act
 If any American Crown is attacked.
 And when Missouri applied for admission,
 Some slavery advocates waged opposition,
 And the man who would rather be right than preside,
 By his Comprise bill set the issue aside.
 'Twas during this President's peaceable reign
 Florida to us was ceded from Spain.
 Next, "Old Man's Eloquent" tries for that place,
 And with three other candidates joins in the race;
 And (1825) JOHN QUINCY ADAMS the best learned of men,
 By a vote of the House bears that name in again;
 But the son, like the father, met great opposition
 Arising in Congress from false superstition.
 'Twas during this epoch that steam locomotion
 Was fully completed on this side the ocean,
 And the West with the East brought in closer relation
 By Erie Canal and the Lake navigation.
 And now when the wave mounts the tide of protection,
 JACKSON'S (1829) great victory proves its rejection,
 By warring the National Currency Bank,
 He fits in his platform a new specie plank;
 And he set the example of office rotation,
 And emptied the banks for a mere speculation.
 Then the Chief Black Hawk, that cunning old Fox,

Fell into his clutches and in a bad box,
 For his tribe and their allies were killed on the plains,
 And he, put in prison and fettered in chains.
 And we enter the era of "Try, try again,"
 When MARTIN VAN BUREN (1837) tries five times to win;
 But the panic which gathered with his predecessor
 Now burst upon him as the vilest aggressor;
 Thus millions were lost in stagnation of trade
 And even the Government's debts were unpaid.
 Next comes the hero of Tippecanoe;
 But HARRISON (1841) dies and lets TYLER in too.
 TYLER continues to finish his term.
 By making political partisans squirm;
 And seeing that Texas stood out in the cold
 He gave her a welcome to Uncle Sam's fold.
 Then hostile invasion from Mexican coast
 Comes into collision with POLK (1845) at his post;
 For he sends two great armies to meet the intruders,
 And check the advance of all border marauders.
 Quite soon they are glad to be friend and not foe,
 And cede California and New Mexico,
 With all that vast region where wealth is untold
 In the endless production of silver and gold.
 Twelfth ZACHERY TAYLOR (1849) had won in the fray,
 And donned "Rough and Ready" as his soubriquet
 [su-bre-ka];
 But turmoil and battle, exposure and strife,
 Left only four months for this President's life;
 And FILMORE (1849) let in by the great Constitution,
 Carried his plans into swift execution;
 Encouraging commerce upon the high seas,
 And opening trade with remote Japanese.
 Then when Cuba's champion turned "flibuster,"
 He longed for that island, but still would not trust her,
 Because it would add to the slavery sin,
 And Spain would not sanction our letting her in.
 Next PIERCE (1853) floors the Compromise Bill in convention,
 And Kansas becomes the great bone of contention:
 For pro-slave and anti-slave furnished a theme
 For mob-law and violence in the extreme.
 And while great advancements were made in our trade,

Yet many great breaches in union were made,
 And as clouds gather o'er us and night circles round,
 BUCHANAN (1857) still leaves us in darkness profound;
 Permitting the sisters Carolina and neighbors
 To make an ado about where "Honest Abe" is,
 And strut from the sisterhood haughty and proud,
 Because cruel customs would not be allowed.
 But in the great hour of need and demand
 Comes ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1861) the Prince of the land,
 Proclaiming the Union must not be disbanded,
 Or blood-shed would settle all schemes underhanded;
 And that the bond broken be timely united,
 Or slaves should be freed and their wrongs should be righted.
 Then a clan of the sisterhood, seven in number,
 Made a great building of very poor lumber,
 And named as their leader their greatest and wisest,
 To rule over all and prepare for the crisis.
 But when their brave soldiers, sent out in great armies,
 Get slaughtered and beaten they see where the harm is;
 And after a conflict of four bloody years,
 They lay down their arms in privation and tears,
 And seek for a place in the old Constitution
Adopted just after the great Revolution;
 But not till a Brutus in artful disgrace,
 Made our loved Lincoln's life a complete sacrifice.
 But we boast of a star in the world's architrave
 Which gleamed o'er the manger of slavery's grave.

PART FOUR

Thus JOHNSON (1865) came in as a great man's successor,
 To deal with the South and each other transgressor;
 He vetoed all bills for freedmen influxion,
 And claimed a sole right in the State's reconstruction,
 But partial, commenced he to speak it and pen it,
 Till great opposition arose in the Senate,
 And urging a friend in another man's place
 He brings on impeachment and public disgrace;
 But lacking a vote to establish his crime,
 The House reinstates him to finish his time.
 'Twas during this riotous administration,
 Alaska was bought and annexed to the nation,

And the people resolved better seed to implant,
 By naming the hero ULYSSES S: GRANT (1869).
 This victor of Shilo and Richmond's great fall,
 Who was summoned to war by his Country's loud call,
 Would fight on this line 'till the Summer was ended,
 And every rent in our banner was mended.
 Undaunted he stood at the fierce cannon's mouth,
 But now stands the friend of the North and the South,
 Unfurling the flag o'er the bondmen set free
 He advocates peace on the land and the sea.
 And during his prosperous administration
 The United States took a year's recreation;
 Inviting all nations to come and take part,
 And bring all inventions of science and art
 To show the progression a century brings
 Where the people are freed from the thralldom of kings.
 Next, two great men, after party contention,
 Claim their election in college convention;
 And after a session of censure and grudges
 The count is passed on to Electoral Judges
 Who after a council and some retrospection,
 Justify HAYES (1877) and proclaim his election.
 He reimburses both debtors and claimants
 By rapid resumption of hard-money payments;
 And puts gold and paper again on a par—
 Something unknown since the outbreak of war.
 Next came England's fishing adjudication,
 And treaties with China 't control immigration.
 Thus peace and prosperity join hand to hand
 To lighten the burdens of all in the land.

PART FIVE

'Twas during this term of South conciliation
 That GARFIELD (1881) arose to the head of the nation.
 But ladders of fame are not always the strongest;
 Neither does National honor stand longest;
 For one who is nearest the summit of fame
 Is often a target for jealous disdain.
 The voice of the people confirmed his election,
 And thus they set on him a greater affection.
 Little they dreamed that a fiend stood among them,
 Piercing their hearts as he cruelly wrung them,

By smiting their chief in an unguarded station;
 A vile deed of anarchy done for sensation.
 Thus after some months of the greatest depression,
 This languishing ruler gave way to succession,
 And ARTHUR (1881) the first constitutional heir,
 Sits for a time in the vacated chair,
 And quietly acts in an administration
 Which opened with such a forlorn situation.
 Next CLEVELAND (1885) elected 'mid stern opposition,
 Becomes the incumbent of this great position,
 And reigns till the contest of stern eighty-eight,
 When HARRISON (1889) wins and becomes magistrate.
 This grandson of one who was President too
 And was called the brave hero of Tippecanoe
 Has solved the great problem of right and protection,
 And given the people a cause for reflection:
 For CLEVELAND (1893) borne in on the tide of "Free Trade,"
 Places our finances low in the shade,
 And strongly reminds us of days when our "Van,"
 Contending with poverty wro'ght like a man
 To save this fair land from a bankrupt condition,
 And grant all he could on the poor man's petition;
 McKinley the hero of tariff reform,
 Forwarded aid to the Cuban alarm,
 To deliver the slave from the thralldom of Spain,
 And drive from America, fetter and chain.
 Thus by the aid of proficient marines
 He fostered, a time, the remote Philippines.
 But a vile anarchist bandaged with sin,
 Smote him and let his Vice-President in.
 Roosevelt, the hero of San Juan height
 The Rough Rider Colonel who led in the fight
 Acts for a time against Chinese influxion
 And lends Cuba aid in her State reconstruction.
 He next turns attention to ship navigation,
 And enters a great ship-canal stipulation;
 To build o'er the isthmus from ocean to ocean,
 A water-way shortening ship locomotion.
 And passes unfinished to Taft, his successor,
 This world-renowned enterprise, greater or lesser.
 Him we leave with you to end of his term
 To the feat and the finish we bid you stand firm.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE OLD REPLACED BY THE NEW.

Written for the ALBANY JOURNAL.

Years have elapsed since I stood on this spot,
My dear native city I greet thee again;
Far were my wanderings, drear was my lot,
And many my conflicts with ravenous men.
The faces I see are so strange and so cold,
And I recognize patrons and places so few,
The hearth of my childhood, so changed, has been sold
And the old is replaced with the new.

The old city hall has been razed to the ground;
Its daily-doled justice is fresh in my mind;
The hoary-haired judges can nowhere be found;
They have gone, leaving honors behind.
And lo! where it stood rises belfry and tower
And great giant walls with an outline so true,
A structure of beauty, as well as of power,
The old is replaced by the new.

The Calvary, too, is so strange in its place,
The plain, ancient fabric no longer appears;
But a temple of beauty, as well as of grace,
Is adorned with the penitent's tears.
The fathers and mothers are laid in the tomb,
And others, posterity, sit in their pew:
The youth nearing manhood, the maiden in bloom,
The old is replaced by the new.

The Capitol too, where our forefathers came,
Excelsior tribute and service to bring;
Where many great Statesmen of honor and fame,
Made halls with their eloquence ring;
Has vanished away: we behold it no more,
But towering high interposing our view,
A structure augments our American lore;
The old is replaced by the new.

The old *Alma Mater* will never again,
Send cordial greetings to welcome us home;
But let us express with our tongue and our pen,
Obligation to her though afar we may roam.
For the new Normal Home, may we gratitude feel,
We extend it to whom it's so amply due;
To the State and the men who with fervor and zeal,
Have replaced here the old with the new.

And thus as the years of our life pass away,
This change is before us in nature and art;
Our time here appears like a brief passing day.
Here man with his friends and his treasures must part,
Then how fitting it is, that while here we abide!
We our minds with eternity's treasures imbue,
And have a dear Saviour to serve as a guide,
When the old scenes are changed for the new.

HORACE E. TWICHELL,

State Normal School, Albany; Class '83.

REMINISCENCES.

Written for THE JOURNAL.

[Prompted at a New England supper, many Revolutionary patriots being represented in ancient costume.]

How pleasant are our visions in the sunshine of to-day
Of many an ancient patriot that long has passed away—
Whose rugged frame and sturdy arm, defying wintry blast,
Felled the tree and built the home in that dim, distant past.

We forget our pilgrim parents, with privation at their door,
And ferocious beasts around them on the wild Atlantic shore;
How they watched the wary savage, with their firelocks near
at hand!
And, armed at work and worship, they tilled the sterile land.

We class the spinning wheel and loom as toys of days ago,
Viewed in this nineteenth century, this great invention-dawn,

We boast of our republic and the progress we have made,
Forgetting that our ancestors the firm foundation laid.

We dote on reciprocity, based on benignant laws,
Forgetting our forefathers, their struggles and their cause;
Forgetting that their trials, perplexities and zeal
Constructed this great "ship of state" and left us at the wheel.

Those patriotic ancestors, with furrowed brows of care,
In garb of homespun woollen and hearts bound firm in prayer,
Proclaimed in solemn Congress to Europe's mighty powers,
"We pledge our lives and honor to this noble land of ours."

Then should we not in gratitude and patriotic pride,
Recount their deeds and principles and take them as our guide?
Yes, they should shine before us, like star of northern night,
Which guides the storm-tossed mariner, and sets his course
aright.

May we have our motives pure when at the polls we stand,
And pledge to law and liberty, we'll vote with heart and hand.
Then shall our emblematic flag, without a blot or stain,
Float over freedom's hills and vales, from Washington to Maine.

HORACE EDGAR TWICHELL.

PLEASURES AND PERILS OF THE DELAWARE.

Down from the mountain side far away
The Delaware rolls with its dashing spray,
Until it has gathered in brooklet and rill,
From ever forest and valley and hill,
Its waters have played with its pebbles and sand
Till the hills and the mountains are worn from its strand.
And the ocean-bound waters from meadow and lea
Pursue, through the ages, their course to the sea.

II.

Winding along its meandering way,
It has borne on its bosom the freight of its day,
Till the slope of its hillsides for miles from its plain

Are picturesque landscapes of bright waving grain;
Long have the finny schools gathered in play
And sped, through its length, on their venturesome way,
That in the head-waters remote from the foe,
Their tender young offspring might flourish and grow.

III.

When the sun from its zenith sends down its warm ray,
And the forests are sweet with the odors of May;
When the bloom and the beauty of garden and glen
Cheer the heart and the soul of the saddest of men,
Excursionists long for a charming retreat
And flee from the sultry tumultuous street:
They find in these heights and in lakelets hard by
The wonders of nature which thousands descry.

IV.

They bathe in the lakes of its confluent streams,
And seek the cool forest from sun-piercing beams.
They pass many hours of summer's long day
In watching the gold fishes joyous in play;
In scanning the rocks in their sand crystal bed,
Whose pebbly structures have never been read,
And many a prize from each eddying nook
Falls prey to the sportsman's decoying hook.

V.

But beauty and pleasure oft cease to abound,
As an ice-crystal palace melts down to the ground;
As a leopard struts forth in his gaudy attire,
Concealing within him a fiendish desire
To charm the admiring beasts for his prey
And bear forth in triumph his victims away;
So this ocean bound stream proves a source of unrest,
And oft brings destruction to souls it has blest.

VI.

The day was serene and the sun had gone down,
The shadows of night had enveloped the town,
When tidings of storms of continuous rain,
Caused many a sigh from Cohecton's low plain.

The hour had come to retire to rest
And many fond hopes were thus timely expressed,
And the torrent continued within its low bound
With naught but a muffled and murmuring sound.

VII.

Then all at once came a rumble and roar
As though a great earthquake had shaken the shore,
And the ice fettered waters from bondage set free,
Leaped forth as a tempest sweeps over the sea.
Down with the current a great moving mass,
Like an avalanche gorging a mountainous pass,
Urging and surging, crashing and splashing,
The ice-billows rolled with a thunderous dashing.

VIII.

Then came a pause in the ice-burdened stream,
And the waters rushed back with a terror extreme—
Flooding the dwellings from cellar to tile,
Heaping debris in conglomerate pile;
And high above tumult and wild breaker's roar,
Came the piteous cry from the far remote shore,
Pleading for rescue from house-top and tree,
And a watery grave in a wintery sea.

IX.

Long were the hours of that perilous night,
In the homes that were formerly happy and bright;
While the sun only rose on that heart welcomed morn
To shine on a modern Venice borne;
For the boatmen tarried beside each door,
Or plied through the current with plashing oar
To rescue the helpless from hunger and cold,
And save from exposure the young and the old.

X.

But the saddest burdens his sturdy skiff bore
Through the surging ice-breakers from shore to shore,
Was the funeral bier with its soul-smitten train—
The mournfullest scene on the ice-flooded plain—
While smote by the tempest and tossed by the wave,

The mournful procession passed on to the grave
Breathing a prayer that o'er death's chilling tide,
In the home where the ransomed forever abide
That spirits, departed, may joyfully meet
And from deluge and storm find a blissful retreat.

HORACE EDGAR TWICHELL.

March, 1887.

THE IDLEWILD.

[The following poem has been written for *THE JOURNAL* by Horace Edgar Twichell in commemoration of the anniversary to-day of the killing of Senator Wagner in the Spuyten Duyvil accident. He rode in the palace car "Idlewild."]

The sun had veiled his beaming face,
Behind a cloudy, misty sky;
The evening gloom, spread 'round the place,
Caused a shudder or a sigh.
And many anxious hearts were there,
Parent, brother, sister, child;
To breathe a simple, fervent prayer,
Centered on the Idlewild;
Whose rumbling wheels, in muffled chime,
Vied with the onward tide of time.

The mountain peaks were capped with snow,
The valley wore a carpet white,
The ice-bound river lay below,
Fettered by the frosts of night.
The birds were gone, the trees were bare,
Their summer nests with flakes were piled,
And all that trilled the cold, bleak air
Clamored from the Idlewild:
Whose rumbling wheels in muffled chime,
Vied with the onward tide of time.

The stranger from a foreign clime,
The merchant with expectant air,
The coy maiden in her prime,

The matron with her silvery hair,
And bride and groom of but a day
Are all borne hurriedly away.
And statesmen join the happy pair,
Whose gratitude is only smiled;
And all a joyous banquet share,
Inmates of the Idlewild;
Whose rumbling wheels in muffled chime
Vied with the onward tide of time.

The Catskills in their echo trills,
The highlands in their quick reply
Wake the vales and shake the hills,
While the train goes rushing by.
The gazing peasant draws aside,
And breathless, yet in accents mild,
Providence invokes to guide,
And save the freighted Idlewild;
Whose rumbling wheels with muffled chime
Vied with the onward tide of time.

The train meanders through the hills,
Along the peaceful Hudson shore,
Until the darkness with its ills
Closes like a mantle o'er.
The air-brakes on the icy-wheels,
The mighty engine's frozen breath,
Seem to baffle all appeals,
From the tragic hand of death.
A head-light centered in a flash,—
Torch of Vulcan fitly styled—
Dashes with a frightful crash,
In the fated Idlewild;
Whose rumbling wheels in muffled chime,
Vied with the onward tide of time.

Let other pens the scene describe,
Let other hearts the anguish tell,
But, kindred friends, this thought imbibe,
Heaven rules and it is well.
Why should an honored statesman fall,

And give up life with all its charms,
And bride and groom, beneath night's pall,
Perish in each other's arms?
And why a mother seek in vain,
To extricate her helpless child,
And heaven shower not her rain
Upon the burning Idlewild?
Whose rumbling wheels in muffled chime,
Vied with the onward tide of time.

The fourth bright form was in the flame,
With chariot from the golden dome;
The loving Christ in mercy came,
To bear their franchised spirits home.

RELICS OF THE WAR.

BY HORACE EDGAR TWICHELL.

The Empire State, when the war was done,
Gathered up implements, one by one;
Fragments of shackles, both broken and worn,
Emblems of freedom's most glorious morn;
And remnants of weapons in conflict tried,
To teach our posterity, heroes have died.

Cannon and musket and sword of the fight:
Grape-shot and canister, missiles of might,
Are brought from the battle-field reddened with blood,
Where armies in conflict swept on like a flood,
Relics of victory rusted and stained,
Bullet and bomb-shell with missiles enchained,
Are ploughed from the furrow and picked from the rill,
And found on the slope of the green Southern hill.

They 're found in the scars of the mountains and trees,
In wide spreading valleys, on desolate leas:
They're brought from the plains, where the brave boys lie
Clad in earth's mantle, and e'er slumber nigh
Some broad rolling river or wild ocean's foam,
Far from their kindred and far from their home.

Safe 'neath the Capitol's towering dome,
There precious mementoes are given a home.
Ensigns of liberty, riddled and worn,
Trophies of victory, shattered and torn,
Are kept from corrosions of every form,
And sheltered from blasts of the wild winter storm;
They're furled like the sail, when the tempest is o'er,
And the storm stranded vessel lies safe by the shore.

Veteran sire, when thy labor is done
And low in the West is thy glimmering sun,
Lead to this *bureau* thy dutiful child
And tell him of struggles and conflicts wild;
Tell him how slavery darkened our land,
Until our *great nation* successfully planned
To loosen the manacles, sever the chains,
And blot out America's greatest of stains.

In through the columns of Gothic design
Under the arches of Liberty's shrine,
Beautiful architraves glitter by night,
Clad in a halo of radiant light;
And round them, arcaded on every side,
Granite walls tower o'er porticoes wide.

Here is the home of those banners, thus rent,
Of arms from the battlefield, tools from the tent;
Fetters with flags lying side by side,
Symbols of rancor and emblem of pride.
Here stand the streamers with trimmings of leer;
Staffs capped with eagle, with halberd or spear:
Guidons in battle and pennants at sea;
Ye're shredded and faded, but yet ye are free.

Standard of liberty, where didst thou wave,
O'er tumult of battle, o'er rampart or grave?
Where are the patrons that bore thee away,
And fought 'neath thy shadow to win in the fray?
Where wast thou moistened by dews of the night,
Whilst shielding the wounded ones borne from the fight?
Thy course is recorded in traces of war
By sword and by bullet, on stripe and on star!

But paramount relics in rank and in hue,
Grace yonder case; they are garments of blue,
Garments once worn by a patriot true.

See the crude rent, where the bullet pierced through
And slew gallant Ellsworth; but e'er shall his name
Re-echo in song, with his unrivaled fame!
If yon battered button a breast-plate had been,
And shielded the heart that was beating within;
Then might our nation not weep for the brave,
Slain on the margin of slavery's grave.

The flag of the Marshall House, stained from his wound,
Wrapped round his form, when he staggered and swooned,
Serves a memento, long may it tell
Motives for which he so valiantly fell,
Long may they glide on posterity's tide,
These cherished memorials, side by side;
They'll steady the helm in futurity's sea,
And point out the shoals for the ship of the free.

The thunder of battle has died from the strand,
The veil has been lifted which shadowed our land;
And in streams the sunshine, the glorious ray,
That brightens God's future with freedom's glad day.
All men are equal and all men are free,
Progress extends o'er the land and the sea;
The flag of the Union is hallowed once more,
From peaceful Pacific to Orient shore.

State Normal School, Albany.

EULOGY ON SENATOR WAGNER.

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

The chair again is empty, and eyes are filled with tears,
For one who served the people, as a choice, for many years,
Death, falling as a thunderbolt, from out a passing cloud,
Has broken many a circle and frightful furrows plowed.
Beyond the restless sea of time, another sun has passed,

But in the blest eternity the dawn breaks clear and fast.
Why should such bitter anguish fill the hearts and homes of
men?
And why is life a transient dream that ne'er returns again?

The chair again is empty, but kind and tender hands
Have twined the crape about its form, a monument it stands,
And on the Senatorial desk, left vacant in the line,
Is placed a floral tribute with tendril and with vine.
This tribute of a woman's love, from nature's treasured store,
A temporary cenotaph which symbolizes more
Than pens can write or tongues can tell, deserves the poet's
lays;
He should record this ample gift in choicest words of praise.

The chair indeed is empty and the Senator has gone,
But cherished is his memory, as time goes rolling on.
The weary traveler's repose spreads, far and wide, his fame,
The car, a moving monument, shall memorize his name.
His voice no more shall echo from the Senatorial walls,
And his steps no more reverberate, while passing through the
halls,
But in the great assembly, where God shall claim his own,
May the Senate be united and sorrow be unknown.

The chair at home is empty beside the festal board,
And sadness seems to hover o'er the treasures of the hoard;
Many fond mementoes, spread about the stately hall,
Bring bitter tears of anguish and of sorrow to them all.
The circle at the fireside presents a vacant chair;
A husband's and a father's loss brings sadness and despair.
But in the gloom and shadow o'er that sorrow-stricken home,
May the Light of life eternal, with a beaming splendor come!

HORACE E. TWICHELL,
State Normal School, Albany.

COLUMBO EL DORADO.

From the rocky mountain SUMMIT ever towering in the sky,
O'er Allegheny's lofty peaks, the eastward echoes fly:

Ever wafted by the night-wind, high above the ocean's roar,
Till the faint reveberations die upon the eastern shore;
Even through the stern Gibraltar, are the echos borne along,
Till they mingle with the music of an ancient land of song;
And bear a God-sent message to Italy's dreaming boy,
A message sent to thrill the world with light and hope and joy.

For the ardent youth Columbus, pictured laurels on his brow,
Sailing westward on an ocean, never cleft by keel or prow;
And he studied out the message, as the years went rolling by,
Through the silent constellations, ever changing in the sky.
It was graven on the sturdy rocks that walled the ocean shore,
By the chisel of the centuries, a thousand years before;
'Twas murmured by the west-wind through many a dreary
 night;
'Twas pictured on the lunar disc, in beaming rays of light.

None had yet interpreted this shadow on the moon,
Explaining why receding ships should disappear so soon.
Men failed to read the strata forming crust upon our sphere
And give a reason why the sun should rise and disappear.
He saw him like a ball of fire, sink low into the west,
And hailed his coming in the east with joy unrepressed.
And with a declaration which did men and Kings astound,
He proved the orbs were moving and the world itself was round.

And that by sailing westward round the other side to land,
He'd reach the gold of Ophar, shunning Asia's burning sand;
And Sages and Astronomers sought means to make him prove,
How people on the other side could really live and move.
They pitied our Antipodes, each time the world turned round,
And vowed with buildings tumbling off, destruction would
 abound;
The billows too, which clothe the deep would pour of into space;
And this breach of nature's laws exterminate the race.

But, patiently, with fortitude, Columbus braved their sport,
Submitting all his maps and charts, before the Royal court.
He pleaded for means and Caravels to put his project through,
And make a trial voyage to prove his logic true.
Confiding in the jealous King as in a trusted friend,

He waited long and patiently, submissive to the end,
But when he learned the King's deceit in sending secret spies,
To filch from him his wealth and fame, his all beneath the skies;
He sank beneath a broken heart, like Him who had no sin,
Who claimed a Prophet's honor is not found among his kin.

But patience and ambition will arouse both heart and brain,
And he, determined to succeed, betook himself to Spain;
Seeking alms along the way, he and his orphan son,
Traveled many a weary mile, homeless and undone.
Just in his need a friend arose, to pave the way between,
A simple peasant stranger and a high exalted Queen;
Who made the declaration, which should echo through the skies,
"I pledge the jewels of my crown, to this great enterprise."

This pledge has proved the crowning act of Isabella's reign,
In gaining great possessions to the government of Spain.
For in the great discoveries the great Columbus made,
A continent was given them to mark a new decade.
And in our day when we explore our rivers and our plains,
We'll not forget to honor him, who languishing in chains,
Made such a noble sacrifice to elevate mankind,
And mourn his sad ignoble fate to which he was resigned.

VIVO SAPIENDS.

Time sets His impress on the hardest rock,
And bids it crumble from the mountain side;
He wears the rock-walled chasm, block from block,
Until it levels with the ocean tide.

Thus centuries have wasted ancient Greece,
And razed her templed cities to the ground;
But ages never have in war or peace,
Dethroned the King of Wisdom she has crowned.

All learning rears its monumental pile,
Although 'tis deeply buried or defaced;
From crumbled column to broken tile,
The record of a people may be traced.

Methinks I see this King upon his throne;
I view the gems that sparkle from his crown,
Astounded, that the Grecians stood alone,
Masters of the arts they've handed down.

The brightest Star, set in that diadem,
Is Socrates, a martyr to his theme:
A herald, that the Star of Bethlehem,
Might send upon the world a brighter gleam.

He gave his time, his talents, gave his all,
That virtue might inspire the human soul:
He made Old Athens shake from wall to wall:
Nor ceased his power with the fatal bowl.

Since none can bend the bow of Socrates,
Nor send conviction's arrow to his mark:
Yet Plato, Dionysies agrees,
Oft sent a scathing philosophic dart.

A true Disciple of his martyred sire,
Plato, by a great and master mind,
Raised the youth from superstition's mire,
And wisdom art and eloquence, combined.

Then burst the light from Aristotle's flame
Which burned the dross of falacy from truth;
As stalking with a philosophic fame,
His logic oft inspired the Grecian youth.

Next came the wisdom of the Nazarene,
When sin and superstitious crime, prevailed,
And earth was draped in shadow; then between
God and his child, He every wrong, assailed.

He stood a sacrifice for sin; was slain;
The livid light around that thorn-pierced brow;
Oft men and monarchs would, in wrath, restrain,
Yet shining ever on; 'Tis shining now.

Quintilian graced the ancient courts of Rome;
And gave the world the Plinys, wise and great,
Whose pens throw light on Christian martyrdom,
And many sins and crimes of Church and State.

Rousseau, the scape-goat, from the field of fame,
Has given France some precepts for the young;
And, despite, the "HERMITAGE" of shame;
Many songs of praise to him are sung.

Next Switzerland, a Pestalozzi, gave,
Who changed the art of teaching in his day;
By sending out an Object Lesson wave,
Which all the powers of Europe could not stay.

And we'll ne'er forget to honor Horace Mann,
Who spurned the proffered rank and file of State,
And through many a well concerted plan;
He proved the friend of childhood, true and great.

The humblest and most esteemed of men,
He lopped the branches on the tree of Lore;
And handed down, through rostrum, page and pen,
The golden fruit of knowledge to the poor.

We pride in many laurels we have won,
Where e'er our glorious Flag has been unfurled;
In traversing the air, we've just begun,
An emulation feat against the World.

THE ABORIGINES.

We'll take a retrospective of a hundred years or more,
And view the swarthy Red men on the wild Canadian shore.
The trees are huge around them by the rivers and the seas,
And tangled is the forest of the Aborigines.
They sit beside the wigwam with bow and quiver nigh,
And listen long in silence for the dreaded Panther cry;
They talk about the war path and about the Spirit Land,
They dance around the council-fire where many a raid is
planned.

They worship the Great Spirit of their hunting-ground on
high,
Who looks his disapproval in the lightning from the sky.
His voice is in the thunder, his footsteps in the blast;
And with joy they greet the rain-bow when his storm of
wrath has past,

Long they burn the watch-fire, through the night and through
the day
When spirits of departed ones pursue their homeward way;
That they may cross in safety to the Island of the Blest,
Where game is never scanty and their weary ones may rest.
They never there lack wampum, by their fathers they are told;
The streams are filled with wampum, the mountains, filled with
gold.

They build great lofts of cedar very high above the ground,
To rock among the tree-tops to their lullalooing sound;
That here the dead may slumber, on the night of their decease,
And the Moon may smile upon them and perfect their release.
And as the blazing camp-fire throws its rays out through the
gloom;
The spirits, on their path-way may be safely lighted home,
Where all will have young faces and be ever strong and fair;
And never know of sickness, of sorrow or of care.

But view again the Red men as around the council-fire,
They sound their awful war-whoop and display their awful ire;
Watch them join the war-dance, with their tomahawks and
knives,

And hear their threats of vengeance, which endanger human
lives.

They call upon the spirit of their fathers who have died,
And many years been buried by the peaceful river side,
To cheer them on in battle and to help them slay their foe;
To give them heart in carnage and to give them joy in woe.
The pipe of peace is buried which has fumed for many years,
Their scalping-knives are ready with their tomahawks and
spears;

And they hasten through the forest under cover of the night,
To invade the distant Minisink, before the morning light:

Tracing many a winding river, and crossing swamp and swail,
This band of savage warriors, haste along the hunter's trail.

While thus the stealthy bandits make their way through grove
and glen
Out through the thickest darkness, over river, glade and fen;
Within the peaceful hamlet by the forest hedged around,
Where naught disturbs their slumber but the baying of the
hound,
The Woods-man, in exhaustion from his toil the day before,
Sleeps soundly, where he wrought to keep privation from his
door.

The matron, too, is sleeping with the cradle by her side,
Where lie the buds of promise, for her future joy and pride;
So near that she can rock them, should she hear their wakeful
cries

And soothe them back to slumber, with affection's lullabys.
And sweetly sleeps the maiden on her pillow, snowy white,
The lovely coy young maiden locked in slumber for the night.
I fancy she is dreaming of the spinning-wheel or loom,
Or possibly of childhood e'er her youth put on its bloom.
But dreams are only echoes of the toilsome day before,
Where by much perplexing efforts, we perform some labor o'er,
Her dreams may be but dramas where each lover plays his part,
To win his coy young maiden closer to his throbbing heart.
Here innocence and beauty are perceptibly combined,
Where smiles are but the gestures of a speculative mind.
Thus sleeps the weary maiden within her father's cot,
Knowing naught of her surrounding or of what may be her lot.

Thus the little hamlet, far from city and from town,
Environed by the mountains and the forest green and brown;
Sleeps sweetly 'mid the music of the dashing mountain streams
In the arms of Morpheus, the ancient God of dreams.

But what a change comes o'er them to awaken fears of harm,
As the watch-dog from the kennel sounds the tocsin of alarm!
For news has reached the settlement from far Cohecton plain,
That Brant, the Indian raider treads the war-path once,
again:

Stealthily intruding long before the morning light,
And firing many a dwelling to illuminate the night;
Surrounding many a peaceful hord and many a captive prize,
And drives them all before him, despite their pleading cries.

O, picture consternation, when the flames are rolling high,
And think what dreadful anguish in awaking but to die.
With burning homes behind them and a savage foe before,
The victims flee in terror or die beside their door.

Let us trust that Gracious Heaven made a Home for such as
these,
Who perished by the scalping-knife, among the rocks and trees;
Or sacrificed their life-blood, on the sanguinary field,
Where the fate of many Heroes was disastrously sealed.

HORACE E. TWICHELL.

THE MYSTERIOUS INDIAN MAIDEN.

A Lyric Poem. (Tune—Gentle Zitella.)

I roamed through the forest,
One morning in May,
Where the brook gave its music,
And the song bird his lay;
Where the wild deer went bounding
And the wolf had his lair,
The echoes resounding,
Broke forth on the air.
I spied wreaths of flowers,
And ferns incomplete,
And close by the brookside,
Clear traces of feet.

I roamed on the hillside
I roamed through the glen,
And close by the lakeside
Returning again.
I there saw a maid
Weaving plumes in her hair;

The lake was her mirror,
And the moss-rock, her chair,
Her dark face, reflected,
Looked up from below,
'Twas sadly neglected,
Gave traces of woe.

I said, lonely maiden,
"Why do you roam?"
"Have you no kindred,
Have you no home?"
With her eyes cast above her,
She shuddered and sighed,
"In this forest, my lover
Was wounded and died."
"He fell while he stood,
Between me and the grave;
The Great Spirit called him,
My true hearted brave."

Four moons have gone,
Since I stood on this shore;
And I'm listening still,
For the splash of his oar;
For he promised me true
He'd bear me away,
In his shinning canoe.
To the charms of that wildwood,
The Great Spirit blest
Where again, in our childhood,
We ever shall rest.

THE SULLIVAN COUNTY PIONEER.

In the quaint old exploration days,
When Sullivan, in years was young;
And Jefferson, a theme of praise,
Extolled by every tongue;
The woodsman plunged in the forest, drear,
And became the Sullivan pioneer.

He felled the logs that walled him in,
With boughs and bark he sheltered him;
And with his rifle and his hound,
Set out upon his perilous round.

Through clump and thicket, swamp and swail,
His trusty gun would never fail.
To drop the bird, the hare, the deer,
The meat of the early pioneer.

At night a back-log blazing warm,
Asuaged the terror of the storm;
While from the antlers, venison, dried,
Hung by the rustic chimneyside.

The storm is raging fierce without;
The wolf and bear prowel about;
With panther music in his ear,
He seeks his couch—the pioneer.

At early dawn through frosty air,
We see him to his toil repair;
We see him by the Giants stand,
With the foe of the forest in his hand;
With dexterous skill and able stroke,
He battles with the sturdy oak.
And where the savages cease to roam,
He builds his rustic future home,
His ax re-echoing shrill and clear;
The music of the pioneer.

Where the Redman's wigwam stood,
Concealed within the tangled wood;
The white man by unceasing toil,
Subdues the hard and sterile soil.
With Mother Nature as his aid,
To fit the soil for share and spade;
The earth enwrapped in drifting snow,
Protects the sleeping embryo.
The frost sinks deep down in the earth,
To give the sleeping germ its birth,

He suffered many ills in life,
Cold and hunger, toil and strife,
Yet desires to trust and fear,
The God of the struggling pioneer.

He sees the Father's reprimand,
The chastening rod—uplifted hand;
And yet he knows the parent true,
Chides the child and loves him too,
Although the tree lies shattered, bare,
The thunder-bolt has cleansed the air,
And torrents, after thunders peal,
Turns the miller's power-wheel;
Transforming beech and birch and pine;
As though it were by hand Divine,
Into dwellings far and near,
The pride of the early pioneer.

To-day we rank equally great,
With sister counties of our State;
The forest cleared of rock and tree;
Becomes the green-sward of the free.
'Tis due to our forefathers skill,
Their work, their patience and good will
We owe them more than we can pay;
Were we to live as long as they,
We praise and honor with right good cheer,
The deeds of the Sullivan pioneer.

THE HUNTING SCENE.

What's that I see on yonder plain?
 Bounding toward yon sheltered glen?
It is a herd of deer, with might and main,
 We'll hasten out and after them.

Let the hounds from yonder kennel free,
 And hurry, Jack, you are so very slow;
You try my patience so and worry me;
 Is this my horn and pouch? Let's go.

We'll call for neighbor Brown and Ross,
To stand on runways three and four;
Because the herd is sure to cross,
Just where they often crossed before.

Heigh, Brown, Heigh, Ross, Come hurry here;
Bring your dog and loaded gun,
We've seen, just through the glen, some deer,
We'll go and surely capture one.

They're coming; Bruce is in the lead.
Now, John, you take the hounds and drive;
And make the very best of speed,
Just show us all that you're alive.

Say, Brown, the sight we just have seen,
Two pretty fawns a buck and doe,
Went round that knob, and just between
Those lofty trees that form that row.

Now, Brown, they'll surely come this way,
I'll stand you here on this high ground;
And do not get excited, pray
There, Hark! I hear the hound.

That's Bruce, I know his ringing bark,
Ross, run to yonder rock and stand;
And let me see your skill now, hark,
Have you a steady hand?

BANG! BANG! He never touched a hair.
Now steady, Ross a chance for you;
With gun aimed straight up in the air,
Ross fires at random too.

The deer bound back across the plain,
Unharm'd by nothing more than fright;
And Brown and Ross, like two insane,
Come running in with all their might.

Why, Brown, your bullet struck the sky;
And Ross yours struck right in this tree;
I heard your miscle whizzing by,
As if 't were meant for me.

All of us should blush with shame,
When taunted by what we have done;
You both forgot to take good aim,
But I forgot I had a gun.

THE BATTLE OF MINISINK.

The dawn breaks fair, the sun appears,
The forest trees are bowed in tears;
As to each bow, the mist adheres.
The cloud-wreathed mountain towering nigh,
With old Mount Sepulchre, hard by;
Is listening for the battle cry.

The soldiers, rushing to the fray,
Ascend the steep and rocky way;
And take their stand, without delay.
They left the store, the bar, the bench,
The plain with human blood to drench,
And strike a blow in home defense.

A blow to set the captive free,
A blow to Britain's high decree;
A blow from every rock and tree,
The savage war-whoop rends the air,
The bullets through the branches tear;
And drives the wild beast from his lair.

And beneath that July sun,
Hungry, thirsty, every one;
They fought until the day was done.
And many a sire recalled his past,
While listening for the rifle blast,
As on the sun he looked his last.

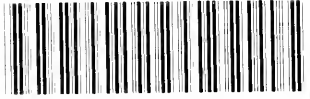
For his comrades faltered, reeled,
A savage foe swept o'er the field;
And he knew his doom was sealed.
Great praise is due the Colonel, brave,
Who sacrificed his life to save
His wounded comrades from the grave.

But a stigma blots the name
Of Brant, the Chief of Mohawk fame.
Which should make him cringe with shame.
E'er the field was fairly won,
His darkest deeds of death were done,
His race of blood was nearly run.

Night closed in upon the scene
The stars of heaven shone out serene;
The moon looked through a silvery sheen,
Upon the writhing heaps of slain,
Upon the captive in his chain,
Upon the chieftain's darkest stain.

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